

Life

1935

FIFTEEN CENTS



Sillert-Burton

BLOWOUTS



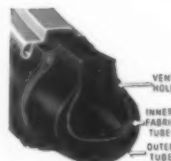
NOW LOSE THEIR TERROR when you have LIFE GUARD TUBES in your tires

This is not an advertisement for a "blowout-proof" tire — for any tire, if it becomes old enough, weak enough, or receives a sufficiently violent blow, will burst.

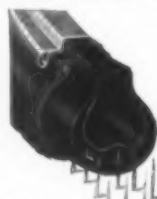
What you are now offered is a new kind of inner tube, which eliminates the principal cause of danger *after* a blowout occurs.

It is a tube with two air chambers — a tube within a tube—so constructed that you will be enabled to ride temporarily on reduced pressure, even if the outer case and outer tube are suddenly torn wide open.

The purpose of this second tube—this second line of defense — is to prevent



How LIFE GUARD Tube looks inside tire during normal driving



Casing and outer tube spiked to cause made-to-order blowout. Note that two-ply fabric-reinforced inner chamber remains intact. Car rides on this reserve of air until it can stop in safety

that sudden collapse of the tire which occurs when *all* the air escapes — and to give the driver a precious interval of time in which to make a safe stop, with the car under control.

Fittingly, this new tube is named "LIFE GUARD."

Before giving it this name, we tried literally hundreds of tests—sliced, spiked and exploded tires on the wheels of cars speeding at 50 to 70 miles an hour.

And in the course of these tests, we developed 1300 different constructions — for it is a serious thing to offer

such a safeguard unless it has been perfected.

We can tell you now, from our own test-fleet experience, that the LIFE-GUARD tube lives up to its name so completely that in all its hundreds of tests, it never failed to enable a stop in safety.

LIFE GUARD tubes are neither cheap to build nor cheap to buy.

Their mission is not to save money but to save life.



Like the famed Goodyear Double Eagle Tire, the new LIFE GUARD tube is built to a specific purpose regardless of cost, and is admittedly better than normal need requires. It is intended for those to whom maximum safety and peace of mind are worth a premium, and who are willing and able to pay for that maximum. Full explanation of either of these super-standard Goodyear products will be gladly given you by any Goodyear Dealer

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOOD YEAR



"The Old Man" to 1,000 Lumberjacks but he's a **DENTAL CRIPPLE** just the same!

It began with "Pink Tooth Brush"

He never gave a thought to his teeth—never needed to in the old days when he was just one of the loading gang—chewing the rough, coarse meals the lumber-camp cook threw together.

But, like so many other men on the way up, as life got easier, foods got softer, and his gums got more sensitive. His dentist warned him. His tooth brush warned him. But he said, "Let it ride for a while—can't stop now." And now there's no use trying. He's a dental cripple.

"Pink tooth brush" warns you in plenty of time. It means that your gums aren't getting enough exercise—the fault of our modern diet of soft, creamy foods. It means that they are getting flabby and

sensitive—that they need special care.

If your tooth brush shows "pink"—do the sensible thing. Don't let unhealthy gums invite serious disorders such as gingivitis, Vincent's disease or even pyorrhea. Get a tube of Ipana and care for your gums as well as your teeth.

Rub a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. You can feel new circulation begin. You can feel a freshening tingle in the tissues. Do it for 30 days—and you can see that your gums are firmer and your teeth whiter.

Change to Ipana plus massage today. Your mouth will feel better, look better. And you'll probably never be bothered by "pink tooth brush." Remember: A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

Professional Opinion says:

- By a famous scientist:
"The fault of present-day diets is the eating of soft food, which compels no chewing."
- From a dental authority:
"We do not use our mastication muscles enough . . . and thus deprive the teeth and gums of circulating nourishment."
- A well-known text book states:
"Massaging or rubbing them (the gums) gently with the tips of the fingers will keep them in a firm, healthy condition."

Tune in "Town Hall Tonight." Hear Fred Allen and the Ipana Troubadours Wednesday evenings—WEAF and associated N.B.C. stations.

IPANA

TOOTH PASTE



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STOP

CAUTION

GO

"STOP & GO" SERVICE

THEATRE — MOVIES — SPORTS
BOOKS — RECORDS — "GO" PLACES

+ +

THEATRE

George Jean Nathan

Accent on Youth, by Samson Raphaelson. Mild but pleasant enough comedy which jollies middle-aged men into believing that young girls can't resist them. Go to it and watch them (particularly the fat ones) expand. *Plymouth, W. 45th.*

Anything Goes, by Cole Porter, et al. Victor Moore, William Gaxton and Ethel Merman still keeping the box-office humming with the town's gayest musical show. *Alvin, W. 52nd.*

Awake and Sing, by Clifford Odets. The dreams and defeats of Bronx Jewry made into a play with some good spots and some not quite so good by the Group Theatre's white-headed boy. *Belasco, W. 44th.*

Ceiling Zero, by Frank Wead. Aviation stuff that follows closely the aviation hooplas of the movies, by a writer who has already done his bit in Hollywood. Osgood Perkins, John Litel and a capable cast go through the necessary motions. *Music Box, W. 45th.*

Fly Away Home, by Dorothy Bennett and Irving White. A group of advanced kids shock their papa with their knowledge of the secrets of life in a comedy with an amateurish odor. *48th St. Theatre, W. 48th.*

If a Body, by Edward Knoblock and George Rosener. Mystery comedy-melodrama with a corpse that won't behave according to Emily Post. Pretty junky. *Biltmore, W. 47th.*

Kind Lady, by Edward Chodorov. A competent acting company headed by Grace George essays to thrill the customers with a thrill melodrama from which the author has modishly eliminated most of the thrill and all of the melodrama. *Booth, W. 45th.*

Parade, by Paul Peters, George Sklar, et al. The Depression, together with the Communistic idea, serves as the basis of a depressing revue. The Theatre Guild tumbles further down the ladder. *Guild, W. 52nd.*

Personal Appearance, by Lawrence Riley. Gladys George excellent in a Mae West rôle imbedded in a farce-comedy that, save for a few funny cracks, betrays a heavily manufactured air. *Miller, W. 43rd.*

Something Gay, by Adelaide Heilbron. Something dismal. *Morosco, W. 45th.*

The Children's Hour, by Lillian Hellman. Iago, in the person of a small girl, visits the Isle of Lesbos—with disastrous consequences. The best American drama of the year. *Elliott, W. 39th.*

The Great Waltz, by Moss Hart. Some Strauss music but nothing else, save several hundred thousand dollars' worth of elaborate production boredom. *Center, 6th Ave. and 49th.*

The Hook-Up, by Jack Lait and Stephen Gross. Unsuccessful attempt to do to the radio what *Once in a Lifetime* did to the movies. *Cort, W. 48th.*

The Old Maid, by Zoë Akins. Sentimental hokum brewed from a story by Edith Wharton. The scenery and costumes are deserving of a better script. *Empire, B'way and 40th.*

The Petrified Forest, by Robert E. Sherwood. What might be a good melodrama hiding its face behind some youthful philosophical delicatessen. Leslie Howard heads the commendable troupe. *Broadhurst, W. 44th.*

Three Men on a Horse, by J. C. Holm and George Abbott. One of the box-office wows that isn't any too wowsy critically but that passes an evening with some humor. *Playhouse, W. 48th.*

To See Ourselves, by E. M. Delafield. The proceedings, dealing with a misunderstood middle-aged wife, called for book bindings rather than footlights. Weak stage stuff. *Barrymore, W. 47th.*

Tobacco Road, by Jack Kirkland and Erskine Caldwell. A second-rate company is not doing its duty by a play that deserves and that hitherto got a first-rate performance. *Forrest, W. 49th.*

Waiting for Lefty, by Clifford Odets. Impressive drama of the late taxi drivers' strike. It has two feeble spots but the net effect isn't much damaged. On the same bill is Odets' **Till the Day I Die**, a Nazi-Communist document, that—except for its periodic shrewd sense of the theatre—is inferior. *Longacre, W. 48th.*

MOVIES

Don Herold

(*Not suitable for children)

A Night at the Ritz. Thoroughly acceptable nonsense about a high-pressure press agent (William Gargan) who sells the Ritz a chef who can't cook (Eric Rhodes, the delightful professional correspondent of *Gay Divorcée*).

Break of Hearts. I would wave the green flag on this one about musicians having the same old silly tantrums, but I'm afraid you aren't as crazy about Katharine Hepburn as I am . . . which you oughtn't to be.

Bride of Frankenstein.* You can get along without this.

George White's Scandals. Mr. White impersonates Mr. White in a film impersonation of the old flesh *Scandals*, with hearts and flowers added. Seems about five or ten years late.

"G-Men."* James Cagney comes over to our side and, as a Dept. of Justice agent, puts on the thrilling man-hunt the screen has ever had. Based, maybe, on the chase of one John Dillinger.

Goin' to Town.* Another Mae West lead-me-to-him show that is just the tonic that the psychoanalysts ought to prescribe for a lot of their patients. Mae inherits oil wells and goes to Southampton. She may have done better by us, but she still ain't done us wrong.

Go into Your Dance. Go, if you like Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler; don't, if you don't. A big musical with lots in it, including a fairly lively plot involving gangsters.

Mark of the Vampire.* Synthetic horror, with assorted screams, shrieks, graveyards, ghosts, murders, Lionel Barrymore and Bela Ogrugosi. O. K. if you have the nervous constitution of a Clyde Beatty.

Reckless.* Tripe. Jean Harlow poor. Franchot Tone bad. William Powell smothered. Tiresome horseplay. (I didn't like it.)

The Devil Is a Woman.* Marlene Dietrich twisting her torso and rolling her eyes in a picture asinine but beautiful.

The Florentine Dagger.* A cokey nightmare about a young dramatist with a homicidal mania, and a lady in a mask, which not even C. Aubrey Smith and Margaret Lindsay can rationalize.

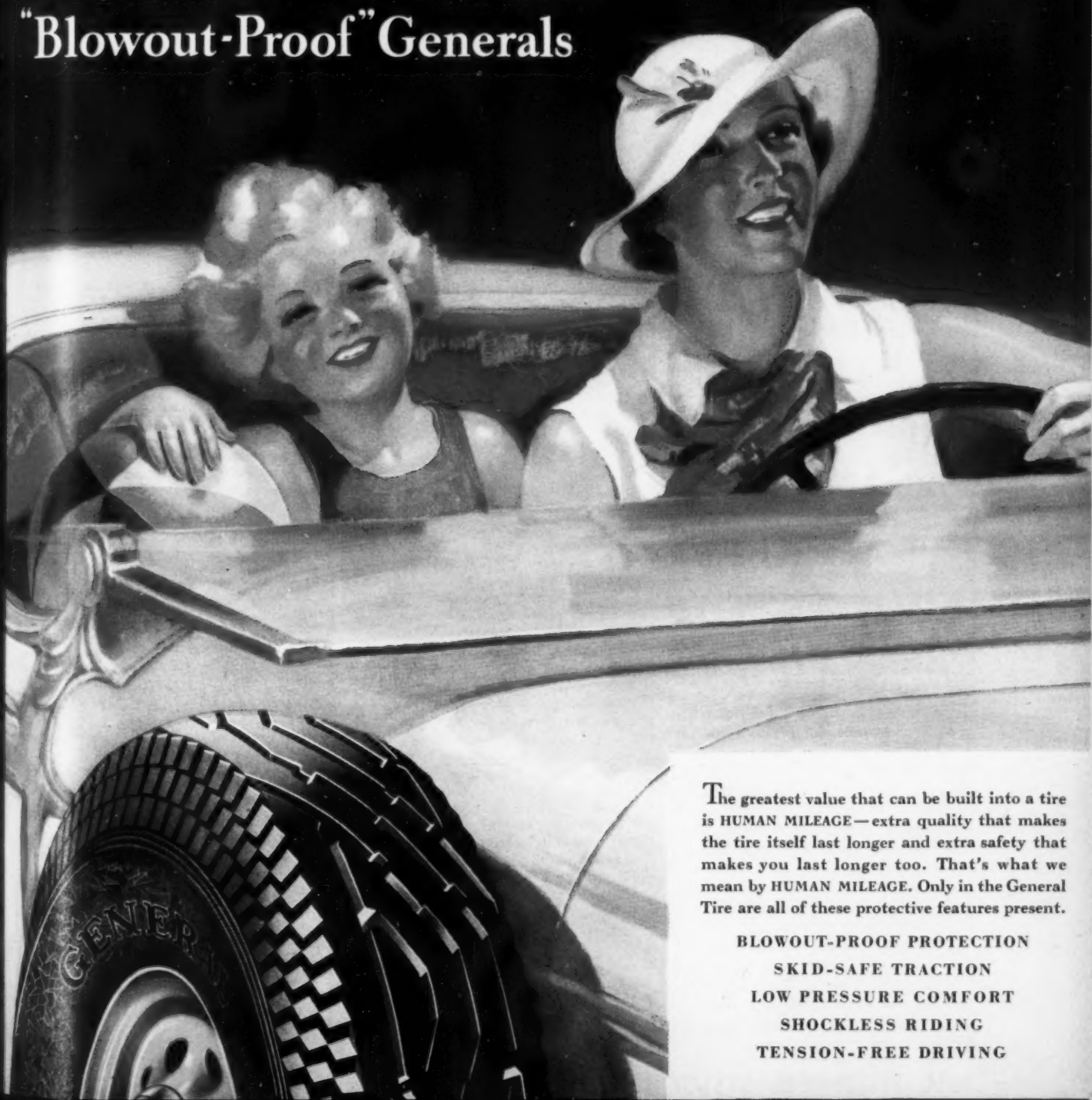
The Informer.* A great, sad, tragic picture, marvelously photographed, and with a tremendous performance by Victor McLaglen, as a burly Sinn Féiner who squeals on his buddy and sends him to his death for £20, and then gets roaring drunk.

The Scoundrel.* Another amateurish, but spottily interesting, Hecht and MacArthur movie, in which Noel Coward lives a nasty life but eventually ascends to heaven like Little Eva in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

Thunder in the East. Really rates a greenish yellow. Charles Boyer again good, as a Jap who is sorry he has only one wife and life to risk for his country. Merle Oberon is Japanese to look at. Lots of battleships.

(Continued on page 38)

It costs so little . . .
it's worth so much . . .
to protect them with
"Blowout-Proof" Generals



The greatest value that can be built into a tire is HUMAN MILEAGE—extra quality that makes the tire itself last longer and extra safety that makes you last longer too. That's what we mean by HUMAN MILEAGE. Only in the General Tire are all of these protective features present.

BLOWOUT-PROOF PROTECTION
SKID-SAFE TRACTION
LOW PRESSURE COMFORT
SHOCKLESS RIDING
TENSION-FREE DRIVING

The **GENERAL** *Dual-BALLOON*
THE "BLOWOUT-PROOF" TIRE



AWAY FROM THE HEAT AND HURRY OF THE CITY . . .

Well-known to the city dweller is the recurrent longing for green fields and growing things. For the peace of a house by the side of a road. Where the air is fresh and clean and tall trees shade the day. The telephone has helped to make that dream come true for countless men and women.

Long miles may separate office and home, yet you are never far away. The telephone puts you near to everybody and everything.

Universal service has been made possible by the Bell System plan of unified operation. This plan has proved its value across the years. It is the reason this country leads the world in telephone service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



LETTERS



Song Snatchers

Gentlemen:

I was very much taken with Sigmund Spaeth's sprightly article "Rewriting Old Songs" under the heading of "Our Native Industries" in the June *LIFE*. It is well that somebody is calling attention to the effrontery and bad taste shown by the denizens of Tin Pan Alley.

Mr. Cohan is mentioned, not as to any actual overt act in the song field, but merely by way of comparison. I do think, however, that in another direction Mr. Cohan is open to the same censure. It is rarely in the many printed references to Cohan and *Seven Keys to Baldpate* that poor old Earl Derr Biggers, who wrote the thing as a story, is even mentioned. It is impudently billed as "by George M. Cohan." When we consider the creative arts, is it fair that a mere adapter of a story to play form should have all the credit of the authorship? . . .

But now for a drop of bitterness. Why, oh, why, does Mr. Spaeth, who is so careful in his criticisms, fall into the error of "their gilded lily of the Vallee"? Surely he is not going to join these lily gilders when Shakespeare wrote it "paint the lily."

ROSCOE PEACOCK.

North Cohocton, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

The article in the June issue by Sigmund Spaeth interested me very much. The radio is a source of much entertainment to my mother, aged 81, and she often places a "new" ballad back in the decade following the Civil War, and boils when they are lifted bodily or changed just enough to confuse her in her efforts to recall just which ones were mutilated. *The Voice in the Old Village Choir* still haunts us, being a hash of not only one or two old songs, but a hymn!

The unkindest cut of all, however, was when someone gave credit to George M. Cohan for composing (!) *Darling, I Am Growing Old* and "contributing it to the American stage 30 years ago." My mother sang it as a girl and has an old scrap book to prove it. . . .

I dug down into an old chest recently for some old Evangelical hymn books of the camp meeting type (all over 40 years old) and you would be surprised at the simple hymns from which these songwriting scavengers are making new songs. The lovely *When I Grow Too Old to Dream* sounds very much like two of them.

One of the cleverest things Ben Bernie ever said was: "Now the lads will play *Throw Another Log on the Fire*, formerly known as *I Wandered Today to the Hills, Maggie*."

MRS. M. J. ABRIBAT.

Washington, D. C.

The American Scene

Gentlemen:

Is it possible to obtain a copy of *LIFE* containing the first of the Art Series—Grant Wood's "Arbor Day," I believe? I have the

other copies since then and shall get one each month as long as the series lasts. They are invaluable in teaching a course in Modern American Painting.

MURIEL V. SIBELL,

Acting Head Fine Arts Dep't

University of Colorado
Boulder, Colo.

[The March issue of *LIFE* has been exhausted. However, there are a limited number of reprints of the Grant Wood reproduction still available at 15 cents each. Requests will be filled promptly as long as the supply lasts.—Ed.]

Gentlemen:

As a subscriber to your magazine, I am interested in the picture "The Enemy's Public" in the June issue. Would you kindly advise me where I could get a copy suitable for framing and what it would cost?

EDWARD T. KELLEY

Clearfield, Pa.

Gentlemen:

I will be obliged if you will advise me where I can secure a good copy of "The Enemy's Public" in the June *LIFE*.

CHARLES EDWIN FOX

Philadelphia, Pa.

[No prints of Don Freeman's painting, "The Enemy's Public," are available outside of the regular copies of the June number of *LIFE*. We still plan to publish a book of The American Scene at a later date.—Ed.]

+

Are You Sure?

Gentlemen:

The June "Are You Sure?" (No. 24), about women who like cerise, started a furious argument. True, Mr. Funkandwagnalls and dear old Noah Webster are sure that cerise is cherry red. But what do such old fuddy-duddies know about life being a bowl of cherries? Although I seldom protest about

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Gentlemen: Please enter my subscription for twelve months

at [enclosed herewith] \$1.50. (Canadian and Foreign \$2.10.)

Name _____

Address _____

L-7

ON SALE THE 20th
OF EVERY MONTH

my life, I do protest yours. So, "cerise is a purplish red, much more blue than yellow in it," say two professional shoppers, two out of three commercial artists, and one advertising writer, who all, poor fools, spend their lives telling the truth.

MARY PRENTICE

New York City

["Are You Sure?" answers have to be governed by "old fuddy-duddies," else young fuddy-duddies would write in by the score.—Ed.]

Gentlemen:

The May "Are You Sure?" mentions Yukon as a province of Canada. Yukon is a portion of the Canadian Northwest Territories and not one of Canada's nine provinces. A bouquet to LIFE's "Are You Sure?" for the questions of international scope, thus permitting Canadians to equally enjoy this splendid feature.

LESLIE AIRTH

Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada.

[A bouquet to reader Airth; a bird to Funk & Wagnalls dictionary for the error.—Ed.]

Gentlemen:

Your question in the May issue referring to "Boulder Dam" shows you need to do a little thinking yourself for it's not Boulder Dam but HOOVER DAM. Secretary Ickes took it upon himself for political reasons to call it that simply to wipe out all the past Administration's achievements he could. Another thing, Louis Howe, in a recent broadcast, told of the marvelous clipping system they had, by which the President knew by the clippings from newspapers from all over the temper of the people in every section on a given subject. That is a marvelous idea, but it was Mr. Hoover's idea, and my brother-in-law, the late French Strother, put that system in operation for Mr. Hoover.

CLARK FARLEY

Garden City, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Regarding your answer to the question concerning Al Capone's prison, Alcatraz Island in San Francisco bay, in which you state "It's a long swim." The swim is less than a mile and several young men and women have made it.

CAPT. T. F. MCCARTHY

Berkeley, Calif.

+

Gentlemen:

I think the reprinting of the 1918 cartoon (May issue—"Another Visit Unless the Job Is Finished Now.") very timely indeed. You should have put it on the editorial page as your contribution to the peace movement and present agitation to keep us out of the impending trouble in Europe. It serves to remind us of the type of loose thinking that ran rampant through the pages of LIFE of that period and probably played its part in getting us involved in the Stupidest War in History. It serves to remind us of that hysterical type of mentality which produced the Versailles Treaty, which "solved" the problems of Europe so well that another war is inevitable. I suggest that you republish more cartoons of this type and quicker, before people begin to take them seriously again.

L. CLOVIS HIONING, M. D.

(Age 28 and I don't intend to fight in any damn European War.)

Valhalla, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Imagine the earth to be a perfect sphere

Smoke Less! and with GREATER SATISFACTION



VIRGINIA ROUNDS

CORN TIPPED
OR
PLAIN END

COPYRIGHT 1931 BENSON & HEDGES

having a steel band fitting snugly at the equator. If the band were cut and $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet spliced onto it and the band then placed so as to be equidistant from the earth at all points, its distance from the earth would be: 1 inch, 6 inches, 1 foot, $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet, $3\frac{1}{2}$. Correct answer: 6 inches.

C. F. STANTON

Belmont, Mass.

[It takes too much imagination to make that perfect sphere.—Ed.]

Gentlemen:

I have not only got myself into a terrific argument, but also have a large bet at stake—all as a result of my remarking that the Normandie would not be able to pass through the Panama Canal on account of its length. I based my claim on the statement made in the "Are You Sure?" department of, I believe, the February issue. Could you give me your authority or any proof? I've simply got to run the thing to earth, and I hope that my faith in the accuracy of LIFE's statement hasn't been groundless.

RUTH SAUER

Roseland, N. Y.

[The Normandie will never be able to pass through the Panama canal because the longest lock is 1000 feet and the Normandie measures

1029 feet. Authorities: *World Almanac* and *The French Line*.—Ed.]

+

Gentlemen:

In your April issue, you had a statement which pointed with pride to the fact that the highest scored in your "Are You Sure?" tests was an 86, score by one of the editors of *Time*.

That is not so great an achievement. In this school, many of us, when we can take time off and waste a few minutes in trivialities, try our hands at your test and do much better—and we are students steeped in the current of seven centuries of the common law; nor are we in touch with the brittle, more sophisticated aspects of contemporary life with which one supposedly must be familiar to be able to make any sort of decent showing on your little quizzes. We read none of the latest books, we have no time for the smarter magazines, newspapers are only collections of headlines to us. We have been studying from September through now. Yet a few men scored 90 on one test. To-night on the test, one of us scored an 88. (Don Herold scored a 70) At least ten of us have scored 86 on various tests.

Cambridge, Mass.

LONGDELL NORTH
Harvard Law School



+
THE
AMERICAN
SCENE
Number Five

+
"Lord, Heal
the Child"

by
Thomas
Hart Benton

[See page 48 for
notes on
Artist Benton]

From the
Fenagill Galleries
Engraving by Powers
Reproduction Corp.



+ SOME OF THE PEOPLE +

OUR COUNTRY

Item

CONGRESSMAN George H. Tinkham, Representative from Massachusetts, sleeps with his beard outside the covers.

Item

TRAFFIC signals in Salt Lake City are rigged up with police whistle attachments which blow each time the lights change.

Item

THIRTY-FIVE thousand dollars was appropriated by Congress to cover the cost of extra police in the District of Columbia during the Shriners convention in June.

Wires

THE peak of all Washington telegraph deluges occurred last month when the President was trying to make up his mind whether to veto the Patman bonus bill or not. Within a space of 10 days 70,000 telegrams arrived in Washington, 30,000 to the President. The only time this bonus bill peak has ever been approached was in the fall of 1914 when the German-American clubs decided the best way to keep America out of the War was to telegraph Wilson.

The whole Roosevelt administration has been dotted with these emergency rushes. The first one began an hour after his inaugural address. Then, before Postal and Western Union could declare a dividend, the bank holiday was on and wires hummed louder than ever.

The next jam followed right after his first "fireside chat". The President invited all who were about to lose their homes or farms to wire him. They did.

Domestic affairs aren't the only ones that excite people. The second biggest rush of the administration occurred over the World Court vote in the Senate. Father Coughlin would be sainted by now, if Postal Telegraph and Western Union could swing it.

When jams like these occur, with telegrams coming in at the rate of 3,000 to 4,000 an hour, the White House wires take all they can handle, then the telegraph companies turn loose their multiplex machines (they can take four wires coming and going simultaneously); after this they warm up their old simplex machine (one wire coming and going), and finally modern Science breaks down altogether and resorts to the old Morse box receiver.

Souvenir Jubilee

WE liked the enthusiastic manner with which audiences applauded the newsreel views of King George and Queen Mary and were glad to add our own cheers. However, about all most of us will see of Britain's Jubilee will be the souvenirs people bring back. Already, west-bound

tourists are loaded with such gadgets as Jubilee fountain pens and pencils, Jubilee stationery, paper hats, flags, pillow covers, desk sets, balloons, medals, brooches, soap and jig-saw puzzles.

Some visitors will insist on smuggling home Jubilee electric light globes. There is at least one Jubilee book for boys and girls, another for children (the distinction is not quite clear, but one has a blue cover, one a red). Besides the official biography by John Buchan ("The People's King") there is "Good King George's Glorious Reign" and "The Story of Our King and Queen." There is also the "Jubilee" garden water-barrow with rubber tyres.

In more aristocratic pastures are several versions of Jubilee cut crystal, Jubilee sherry, chocolates, champagne and a special loving cup by the Royal Doulton Potteries limited to 1000 num-

+ LOVE CONQUERS ALL +

(California's threat of increased taxation may drive the moving picture industry out of Hollywood)

THE Moguls of The Movie World are tearing out their hair. They're down to their last limousine, so keen is their despair. The Head of Super Features says: "If they don't treat us good There ain't no single reason we should stay in Hollywood. If California socks us with a lot of goofy taxes We'll turn the mighty movie world upon its well-known axis. For could we not go *anywhere* and make a great success?" A hundred thousand Yes-men answer: "YES! YES! YES!"

The governors of many States feel yearning in their hearts To aid the future progress of the Motion Picture Arts.
"Come on out to Montana!" "Come to Jersey!" "Come to Maine!"
"We'll give a house to Mickey Mouse!" "We'll send a special train!"
"We'll give you this—we'll give you that—we'll let you take your option."
"Your little orphan assets, too, are wanted for adoption!"
From Texas' rolling prairies to the stern New England hills,
The sovereign States are not so dumb—there's gold in them thar stills!

Miss Motion Picture Industry to each says: "Lissen, honey, You-all don't love me fo' mahself—you-all jest loves mah money."
"The love we feel for you," they cry, "is sweetly sentimental!
Of course you'd bring us income—but that's merely incidental!"

A play-within-a-play is here, a script in wistful mood:
"A Soul-Renewing Saga of a Cast-off Woman Wooed
By 47 Romeos—The Pick of God-like Creatures—
The Sweetest Story Ever Screened by Super Super Features!"

—ARTHUR L. LIPPMANN



"That maid across the street hasn't done a smitch of work for over an hour."

bered copies which were all sold before the affair began.

As if this were not enough, there are souvenir issues of practically every British publication from *The Times* to *Leather Trades Review* and *Pottery Gazette*. Mr. Punch let down his celebrated limits and sold 67 pages of ads for a Silver Jubilee Number. Most of the special issues begin with an article called "Their Majesties' Glorious Reign" and nearly all sound as if written by the same person.

WHEELS OF INDUSTRY

Item

IN Germany there are vending machines for phonograph records, bird seed and flowers.

Item

A BRITISH company organized to supply gravestones of purely British make to Britons has adopted the slogan, "Die British."

Hauoli nei au

WE have some facts and figures on the Pan American Clipper's record flight to Hawaii and back. Pan American made around \$14,000 because of the stamp collectors, and got \$2.00 of each \$2.15 spent by philatelists on self-addressed envelopes.

After this summer it will take only about 20 hours for postal cards to come

from Waikiki beach inscribed, "Hauoli nei au. Makemake au ia oe i nei" ("Having wonderful time. Wish you were here.")

Fire Pictures

FAVORITE finale for this year's fireworks shows will be a picture of Franklin D. with American flag, especially in the West and South. Around Chicago and on the East Coast some of the golf clubs are so Republican they are shying at Roosevelt; they'll take George Washington. But you would be surprised, our informant hastened to add, how many of them favor the President as a Fourth of July set-piece. Politics are evidently forgotten during the three minutes the figure blazes. (No one knows exactly how long a firework will burn. If the weather is clear and snappy they go brighter but quicker.)

There will be enough Mickey and Minnie Mice, Pluto the Pups; fewer Big Bad Wolves and Three Little Pigs. Modern fire portraits are made with wire and pulleys so they open their mouths and flap their ears. This year there is a demand by golf clubs for a golfer who swings, whams a "golf ball" 100 feet where it explodes with a loud bang. If the ball doesn't blow up the piece costs less, but most clubs feel that the bang is worth the difference. This idea was sketched on a train by a golfer-illustrator for Jack Moore of the Pains

Fire Works Display Co., who puts on many of the large shows. Another popular portrait this Fourth will be a hunter who raises his rifle and fires several times at a swooping pigeon. This brings guffaws at country clubs because he never hits anything.

The newest firework is the aquatic or floating, which, lighted and thrown from a dock or boat, swishes around and shoots sparks. Aquatics were discovered by accident when a big skyrocket rose 900 feet and plopped into a lake, apparently dead. A minute later it came up and staged a brilliant fizz on the surface. Pains got hundreds of orders for this effect but never were able to duplicate it.

The biggest shows are private shows, and fireworks makers watch the stock markets like eagles. When things are going well the moguls pay almost any amount for sparklers. Several years ago a broker spent \$72,000 and never kicked about the bill. This stands as a record, although the price included a stage show put on by the fireworks company. The next largest displays are at country clubs, which want them quiet and rich. Public displays are full of loud bangs. The people must have them.

Milk

WHEN the Walker-Gordon people were considering abolishing old-time hand milking in favor of modern machine milking, they realized that a lot depended on the cow. If the cows behaved according to the diagram, the machine would be a sensation; if they wouldn't, there'd be nothing but chaos. To be on the safe side, the company ran a series of intelligence tests on cows. Bovine I.Q. was okayed as a business risk, so they built the machine and left it up to the cows.

The machine is called a rotolactor—"roto", revolve—"lactor", milker—revolving milker. It's a merry-go-round fifty feet in diameter, divided up into booths. The cow waits in line, steps on the carousel and rides once around, being washed, milked, sterilized and washed again the while. After her one revolution she steps off and another cow walks into her booth, keeping all the stalls filled all the time. A new cow is likely to be a bit fretful on her first trip around, but soon learns to submit to the whole business in dignified boredom.

The couple of thousand cows on the company's Jersey ranch have to be

milked three times a day. Outside of milking time they spend their working hours in the stalls, munching whatever their rigid diet allows, and chewing cuds. The company provides an infrequent and carefully supervised romp in the pasture, with the understanding that a certain amount of breeding takes place in return.

Testers

IN case you've ever wondered what becomes of those cakes you see in advertisements and recipe books we can inform you. They're eaten.

Over at General Foods (Swans Down, Calumet, Jell-O) they keep eight cooks and an office staff of forty just thinking up and testing new and old recipes. A good day's average is four cakes, several batches of cookies and three or four molds of Jell-O. Testing time comes about four o'clock every afternoon, when the stenographers, clerks and editors are gravely called in and each given a sample. Most highly valued are the opinions of those who have homes of their own and aren't too used to restaurant cooking. At any rate, if the head-nodding is unanimous, the recipe is accepted.

Now and then G.F. shoguns from upstairs drop in and sample a piece. To them it's great fun, getting a free piece of cake in the middle of the day, but to the office force in the Consumers' Service Department it's all a part of the day's work.

If you use a G.F. product in a cake and the cake doesn't turn out right you can send a sample in collect and G.F. experts will tear it apart crumb by crumb. Then, on a neatly typed page, they'll tell you exactly what's wrong.

UNTRAMMELED PRESS

Item

WHEN interviewed, a 42nd Street newsdealer claimed NRA's final nose dive sold more papers than any news since the demise of Rudolph Valentino.

Nudists

IF you wonder what has become of *Nudist* magazine we can tell you a little something. It's still alive, but not allowed on the stands in Boston and New York, forbidden the use of the mails, and has to be shipped to subscribers by express. Usual plan is to wait four months, then send four issues.

Attitudes toward the *Nudist* vary. Most reactionary state is New York (also the largest nudist center), where a new state law forbids nudism. Boston can't buy the magazine, largely because of its Watch and Ward Society, but Massachusetts has half a dozen nudist camps. Providence and Philadelphia outlaw the magazine by fits and starts. Pennsylvania is a strong nudist state, so is New Jersey. The Midwest is mostly straitlaced, though Michigan and Ohio tend to be liberal. Chicago allows the magazine on the stands, but city nudists must go to Indiana for their gatherings. The South is conservative, exceptions being Alabama, Florida, Texas and Maryland. Most enlightened state is California, with 11 I. N. C. leagues and unhampered distribution of the magazine.

Nudist parks will be busy this summer. One New York league was sold out for July 4th weeks in advance. Greatest pests are the people who try to sneak in or want to pay admission and walk through fully clothed to stare at the nudists. Nudists claim themselves to be not necessarily nuts, merely

ordinary people who find life easier without clothes. Their favorite comeback: "Men and women with good figures are seldom among our critics."

SPORTS

Item

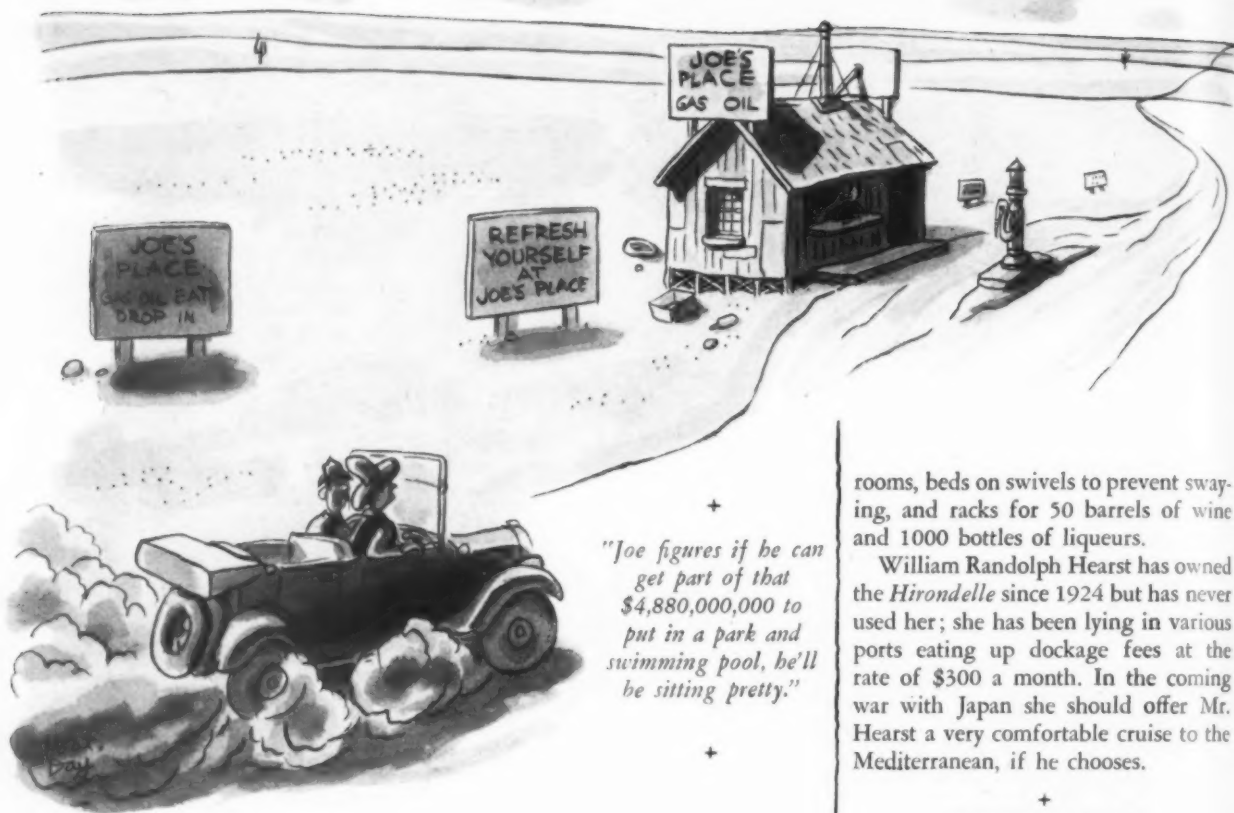
BECAUSE the price of meat has gone up almost 40 per cent and because trout and other game fish are heavy meat eaters, fish hatchery men are experimenting with substitute diets of dried butter-milk, salmon eggs, fish meal and skim milk.

Lloyd's Listings

WE knew that American yacht listings had increased more than 300 since a year ago, but we never quite grasped what a "listing" meant until we talked with a chap who knows something about yachting. It seems that all boats over 65 feet in length have to be registered with the Federal government, probably for use in case of a war with the Dominican Republic. If your boat measures less than the minimum then it's up to you whether



"Now, Henry, remember it's only a game!"



"Joe figures if he can get part of that \$4,880,000,000 to put in a park and swimming pool, he'll be sitting pretty."

you register it or pay no attention.

About this matter of when a yacht's a yacht and when it isn't, you're pretty safe in calling it a yacht if it measures over 65 feet. A lot of outboard motorboat owners call them yachts but that doesn't count.

The largest American yacht, it seems, is Mrs. Emily Roebling Cadwallader's (Philadelphia) *Savarona*, a neat little craft of 4,646 tons and 408 feet. Next in rank (and the one generally considered the largest) is J. P. Morgan's *Corsair*, which is 65 feet shorter than Mrs. Cadwallader's, but still large enough to cost \$2,500,000 delivered. (Most large yachts, we found, are built in Germany, but a dozen yacht brokers couldn't tell us why.)

The smallest registered craft is the 14-foot *Snarleyow* owned by 82-year-old W. P. Stephens of Bayside, Long Island. It costs Mr. Stephens several hundred thousand dollars less a year for upkeep than it does Mrs. Cadwallader.



With the exception of the famous *America*, now owned by the U. S. Naval Academy, the oldest listed American craft afloat is the *Annie*, built at Ramapo, N. J., in 1861 and now sailed out of San Francisco by a Dr. Emmet Rixford. As for motor boats, there are some 305,000 of them listed in the United States and goodness knows how many unlisted. New York City leads the country by a wide margin with 42,000 boats registered, followed by Tampa, Fla., with 25,000. At the other end of the list you have Pembina, N.D., and Great Falls, Mont., with 44 and 22 boats respectively.

Our informant was unable to get aboard the *Savarona* or the *Corsair*, but he did get aboard the *Hirondelle*, which was built in 1911 for the Prince of Monaco and for years was the giantess among the world's luxury yachts. She is still one of the biggest yachts and boasts of such things as solid teakwood decks and cabin walls, 21 guest

rooms, beds on swivels to prevent swaying, and racks for 50 barrels of wine and 1000 bottles of liqueurs.

William Randolph Hearst has owned the *Hirondelle* since 1924 but has never used her; she has been lying in various ports eating up dockage fees at the rate of \$300 a month. In the coming war with Japan she should offer Mr. Hearst a very comfortable cruise to the Mediterranean, if he chooses.

GREAT MINDS

"I REGARD it as very much worth while to wait while Miss Earhart is accomplishing something." —George Palmer Putnam.

"As to being a relative of the moon, I can heartily assure you that I am not." —King Prajadhikok.

"All I want to do is to continue writing poetry." —Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow.

"I love Hollywood—I love America." —Charles Laughton.

"I am not tired of Hollywood—I love it." —Marlene Dietrich.

"Hollywood is full of bad writers drawing big salaries." —Samuel Goldwyn.

"Believe me, no guy ever led me to the altar . . . I was practically a child in 1911." —Mae West.

"I'm just human enough to love the lovely ladies." —Max Baer.

THE MONSTER CYCLE

AN OPEN LETTER

MR. Carl Laemmle, Jr., Universal Pictures, Hollywood, Cal. Dear Mr. Laemmle: I notice you recently put out a picture called *Frankenstein's Bride*. I think this picture is a step in the right direction—the direction of popular appeal, I mean. It is my contention that the monster in motion pictures must have popular appeal to be a success. *Son of Kong* was successful because it appealed to the mass of family-loving citizens who make up the bulk of our nation. *Frankenstein's Bride* must be successful because it appeals to the women of America.

I would suggest, Mr. Laemmle, that you now do something for the youth of America. You might launch a series of healthy and vigorous monster pictures, starting off with a production called *Frankenstein at Yale*. Make Frankenstein a fun-loving monster of twenty summers, cheerful, kind to his furry and feathered friends, but a very devil when aroused. You can follow this with a picture called *Frankenstein's Trip West*, in which the blue-eyed monster finds a black-eyed monster who turns out to be his half-brother, Dickenstein.

As to Dracula, Mr. Laemmle, his pictures up to now have been fly-by-night affairs. Why not get some popular appeal into his work? Do an American epic of the soil—the building of the west, so to speak. The hero might be Old Yance Dracula, a grizzled vampire as simple and honest as the very earth that fostered him. You can start the picture with a caravan of vampires trudging stolidly into the setting sun. Then the camera moves in for a close-up of Old Yance, who wipes the sweat from his brow with the hair on his palm . . . but I guess your scenario writers can go on from there.

A better idea, perhaps, would be to do a picture with both Dracula and Frankenstein in featured rôles. There can be no doubt as to the popular appeal of the Cohens and the Kellys in pictures. You might do something on that order, with a Jewish monster, Morris Frankenstein, and an Irish vampire, Timothy O'Dracula. You could even do a series: *The Frankensteins and O'Draculas in Scotland*, *The Frankensteins and O'Draculas in Schleswig-Hol-*

stein, and so on. Timothy O'Dracula can be a lovable old vampire who always comes home drunk, and Morris Frankenstein can be a plump monster who is always showing people his operation.

For nature lovers, I would suggest an out-door monster picture with King Kong and Tantor, the elephant. Call it *Bride of Sequoia* and build up a story about how Dracula's daughter finds King Kong as a pup—ninety-six feet of cuddlesome mischief—and raises it along with a young elephant she picked up in Yellowstone Park.

If you want more color—I mean something that will appeal to the tired business man—why not produce a monster extravaganza? Call it *Bride of Forty-Second Street* or *Monsters of 1935*? You could have Frankenstein do

a tap dance routine with Ruby Keeler; and maybe Busby Berkeley could take some shots of a chorus of 50-Magnificent Monstrettes-50 in tricky formations.

Don't hesitate to call on me if you need any more advice.

Yours truly,
—DEVERY FREEMAN

+

THE PRESSURE'S ALL THEIRS

MY shower bath's a shower bout. Uncomfortably in and out I dart, while squawks of anguish tear Apart the early morning air. I turn the "Cold" on, then the "Hot," But labels lie, and I do not Achieve, by any chance, a blend, Because, it seems, results depend On neighbors underneath, although I can't explain why this is so— That I must either scald or freeze While burnishing my neck and knees.

—MARGARET FISHBACK



"They're real flowers. She got the idea from a newsreel."



MR. CRAWFORD REVOLTS

MR. CRAWFORD started thinking about it one Sunday afternoon while he was taking a sun bath on the roof. The only thing elevator operators talked about was the weather. "Nice day, isn't it?" they said, or "Nasty day, isn't it?" Of all the people in the world, with the possible exception of coal miners, elevator operators seemed to Mr. Crawford to be the least qualified to discuss atmospheric conditions.

The more he thought about it the more impatient he got. The thing had been going on senselessly for years, of course, but he decided that, at least as far as he was concerned, it had gone on long enough. Mr. Crawford began to snap his fingers. He always snapped his fingers when he had come to a decision or finished what he thought was a good job; it was the outer manifestation of an inner satisfaction.

The upshot of it was that, on Monday morning when Mr. Crawford stepped into his apartment elevator, he had mapped out his campaign, and was gratified when Alfred, the operator, remarked that it was a nice day.

"Oh, is it?" said Mr. Crawford sharply. "How do you know it's a nice day, cooped up in this elevator?"

Alfred, startled, turned around and essayed a smile but Mr. Crawford's gaze was stern. "I—I just noticed it when I came to work," Alfred stammered. "That was only two hours ago and I thought—"

"A lot could happen to the weather in two hours," Mr. Crawford interrupted with well-feigned testiness. "It might be drizzling, for all you know. DO you know?"

"No, sir," said Alfred meekly.

"Ump!" grunted Mr. Crawford with such deep contempt that Alfred was crushed to a puzzled silence.

In his office elevator Mr. Crawford was rewarded when Henry, the operator, said that it was a fine day.

"Who told you that?" barked Mr. Crawford.

"Mr. Peabody," Henry said in sudden confusion. "I just took him up and he said—"

"Don't believe everything you hear!" snapped Mr. Crawford. "As a matter of fact, it may be raining cats and dogs. You don't know for sure, do you?"

"No, sir," said Henry, "but—"

"Well, then," said Mr. Crawford inexorably, "why say it's a fine day?"

Henry, numbed by the fierceness of the attack, coughed in embarrassment, and Mr. Crawford stalked out of the car at the eleventh floor and entered his office smiling.

When Mr. Crawford went down for lunch Henry regarded him curiously but said nothing.

After lunch the trip up to the eleventh floor was again taken wordlessly.

And at 5:15 that afternoon while the car descended to the street floor, and at 5:30 as Mr. Crawford rode up in the apartment elevator, both Henry and Alfred maintained discreet silences. So far, so good, thought Mr. Crawford.

ON Tuesday morning he entered the apartment elevator with some misgivings. "Good morning," he said to Alfred tentatively.

"Good morning, Mr. Crawford," said Alfred quietly. Nothing more.

A few minutes later Mr. Crawford stepped into the office elevator, still a trifle dubious. "Good morning, Henry," he said.

"Good morning, Mr. Crawford," said Henry. That was all.

Mr. Crawford, with a deep sigh of content, walked into his office snapping his fingers. But later on he began to feel mean about his easy victory. He felt so remorseful at five o'clock that when he went home he gave Alfred and Henry each a dollar with no explanation whatever.

—GURNEY WILLIAMS

If the NRA never accomplished anything else, it gave the Supreme Court a workout.

Definition: A stooge is a guy who helps a fellow who's doing something that isn't necessary.

Every man has a right to his own opinion, but before radio became an industry he could bore only a few people at a time with it.



"I have an uncontrollable passion for olives."



"I found a door open.
What'll I do now?"

A NEW LOW

ABOUT 11:30 a.m., on Friday, June 12, I crawled headfirst into the bathysphere, followed by Miss Van-Tee, my underwater secretary. You can imagine Miss Van-Tee's consternation as she wriggled through the aperture and crawled over the sharp steel bolts to her desk. But, having worked two and a half years for a Broadway theatrical producer, I knew she would not be fazed by the finny denizens of the deep. Her job was to take dictation, type-write, answer the telephone and stall bond salesmen.

It was some few minutes before Miss Van-Tee could accustom herself to her spherical surroundings. She did her level best, I feel sure, to observe the dictates of conventional decency between employer and employee but in spite of her repeated attempts at privacy she kept rolling into my lap before the expedition had even started. Finally, I succeeded in bolting her chair to the wall.

At 11:45 a.m. Captain Harry threw a lever and the heavy drum began to wind us up off the deck of the *Swerk*.

Up and up we went, and I thought, for the moment, that perhaps Captain Harry had misunderstood my orders and was sending us to the stratosphere to check on Auguste Piccard. It was an embarrassing two minutes, I can assure you, and I felt rather foolish as several sea gulls flew past my observation window and peered in, chuckling to themselves.

Finally, however, we splashed beneath the surface of the ocean about 6½ miles southwest of Thanwich Island. Miss Van-Tee, chewing furiously on a piece of sargassum weed, began to open the mail, mostly circular letters, which she promptly tossed into the wastebasket.

We were dropped several fathoms, and dangled there, while I hurriedly sketched a school of Copepods which treaded water opposite my portal. These later turned out to be orange peels which the cook had tossed overboard.

At 200 feet a brown sponge swam into view, followed by a cake of soap of the family Cetomimidae, giving off brightly hued suds. They examined me closely, then turned and headed off into

the blackish green beyond, frothing. At 700 feet I told Miss Van-Tee to pull her shade down and turn on the electric lights.

"I believe it's going to snow," she said, turning on the radiator and closing the transom. But I knew that at 800 feet there was little chance of that. In fact, even if it did snow, it would turn to rain long before it reached us.

At 12 o'clock, noon, the factory whistles started to blow and, from force of habit, Miss Van-Tee closed her typewriter desk, put on her hat and coat and started out for lunch. She hadn't gone very far before she realized where she was. We both started to laugh good-naturedly.

AT 1000 feet we both saw a strange, pear-shaped fish swimming along in protective armor. It had a sort of yellow label and, as I peered closer, I could make out the words: "Frank E. Davis Co., Distributors, Gloucester, Mass. Right from the fishing boats to you." I had never seen anything like it before, except on the grocer's shelf, so I named it *Bathysphaera intacta*, or canned sardine.

A few fathoms further down, the electric searchlight was switched on suddenly, disclosing a queer-looking fish which tasted to me like mackerel without the lemon or parsley. I phoned Miss Hollister at the surface to see if she knew anything about it.

"Hello, Miss Hollister?" I said.

"This is Courtland 0218," a strange voice replied.

"This is Dr. Cluett from down under. . . Isn't this my barge, the *Swerk*?"

"No," replied the strange voice, "this is Herzog's Grocery Store."

I hung up disgusted and turned my attention to a fillet of sole swimming past, accompanied by a small daub of tartar sauce. We opened a bottle of Schloss Johannisberger, 1929, and drank several glasses of the refreshing vintage before this tempting dish vanished into the gaping jaws of a Great Gulper Eel, who apparently knew it was Friday as well as we did.

I kept the light on for a while, and at 1050 feet, through a school of little flying clams, there suddenly passed a large dark body wearing a derby hat and glasses. Miss Van-Tee screamed, so I shut off the light. Her hands were cold as ice and her lips were trembling.

At 1200 feet I caught sight of some-

thing which made me clutch Miss Van-Tee tightly around the waist and drag her across to the window. I will never know whether it was the *Bathyembryx istiophasma*, or love. Anyway, as we sat there on the couch, we saw a strange fish swim past reading the *National Geographic* from the light of a lantern which he was carrying in his mouth. I thought he winked at us.

At 1:30 p.m. we came to rest at 3000 feet, and a *Flammenwerfer* shrimp exploded 21 times in recognition.

"Well, here we are, Helen!" I said to Miss Van-Tee whom I had been calling Helen for the last several fathoms.

"We certainly are down!" she said, arranging her hair.

"And how!" I replied. "It's lucky we're not vulnerable and doubled."

And, then, under a pressure of 1360 pounds per square inch, I gave her hand a little squeeze as a signal that we were ready to be hoisted to the surface.

As Helen and I wriggled out of the bathysphere onto the deck of the *Swerk*, Captain Harry said: "Of all the deep sea flora and fauna, which was the most interesting, Doctor?"

"*Bathysphaera Stenographaras*," I replied, glancing at Helen and blushing the color of a broiled live lobster.

We're going to spend our honeymoon on an oyster bed at the bottom of Chesapeake Bay.

—JACK CLUETT

THE good thing about the fake sweepstakes tickets that are flooding the country is that people who buy them aren't going to bore us in the newsreels.

George Bernard Shaw's latest play was a flop in New York but a big hit in Berlin, proving that the Germans welcome anything that will take their minds off their own troubles.

One difference between the President and Vice President is that when the latter goes on a fishing trip nobody knows it.

Another thing that makes Huey Long an outstanding man is the fact that he hasn't been made a Kentucky colonel.

NATIONAL PASTIME

HELLO, is that you Myrna? Did you know they're going to announce the winner in that cheese contest over the air in five minutes? I haven't been able to do a single thing all morning—and me with three contest entries that have to be postmarked before midnight. I just know I'm going to win this one. Did I tell you what I called that cheese? "Ratnip." Do you see how they can overlook that? Neither do I.

Have you written your last line for the Spurtmobile jingle? It's got to rhyme with "traction" and all I can think of is "fraction." When you try it you'll see how hard it is to be cute in a line ending with "fraction." I thought of, "Till his trousers wore down to a fraction," but I don't know. "Pants" fits better than "trousers" but two of the

judges are women and they might think "pants" was vulgar. Still, one of them is married. I just don't know what to do about it.

Did you hear how Lucille won her five dollars in that coffee contest? Her own sister told me that Lucille sent in her entry in a purple envelope addressed in red ink, can you imagine? I tell you Myrna, it isn't brains it's just low cunning gets you ahead in this world.

They announced the winners of that Lawn Seed contest over the air last night. You'd never guess what it was—"Emeraldine"! I called mine "Green Pastures." But then I notice the woman who won it lives in the same town with one of the judges. Chicago. It looks funny to me too.

It's time for the announcement. Are you all a-twitter? So am I. Be hearing your name on the air, dearie. Good-bye.

—BOB HILLIS



"Monty is simply mad about farm work!"

LAMENT TO A WIFE

HOME is unquestionably where the heart is,
 And home also is where some people oughtn't to give parties
 And if I were a wise old owl I should add tu wit tu woo,
 Meaning, any other place is a place some people oughtn't to
 give a party, too.
 For certain happy souls, entertaining is a set up,
 And for others, of whom, darling, we are two, it is like trying
 to clear a million dollar debt up;
 Some people entertain as easily and naturally as breathing,
 And for us it's like teething.
 Every time we take our sanity in our hands and venture to
 have a few friends in,
 Why before the occasion even begins, bafflement and bedlam seem
 to be what it ends in.
 Everybody you ask says they're not sure right now, will it be
 all right if they let you know later?
 And you say yes, which shows a love than which no host or hostess
 hath greater,
 And you ask the Prettyboys because he is very pleasant and amusing
 but she rather terrifies you because she is a strong-minded
 woman with no doubt of herself,
 And she says her husband will be away but she will be delighted
 to come and she'd like to bring her Cousin Lulu because
 her Cousin Lulu has just spent six months in a sanatorium
 with a nervous breakdown and she thinks a nice party
 is just what she needs to draw her out of herself,
 And neither prayer nor profanity prevails,
 You're bound to end up with more women than males,
 And you telephone and telephone and try to correct this faux pas
 of gender,
 And finally you just faintly hope you may be struck by lightning
 before evening and you surrender,
 And you resign yourself to knowing that half your guests dislike
 the other half more the more they see of them,
 And you count bridge players, and there are only three of them,
 And here is a guest so dry she is absolutely camel-backed and azure-
 nozzled,
 And beside her a guest who counts that day lost whose close finds
 him unsozzled;
 Here, one who still reverences Al Smith as a towering light house,
 There, one who is still triumphant at having helped keep Mr. Smith
 out of the White House.
 Oh, some people entertain,
 And other people have sense enough to come in out of the rain.

—OGDEN NASH



OUR NATIVE INDUSTRIES—VI

LOADED DICE, MARKED CARDS



SEVERAL hours after sundown it begins: The clatter of dice, the slapping of cards, the whirr of red-and-black wheels, the roll of chuck-luck cages, behind guarded doors from

Boston to San Francisco. America is gambling.

Anyway, America *thinks* it's gambling. Naturally "the house" can't leave everything to the fickle whim of Lady Luck. The House must win. The hard-working gamester has too much on his mind to be bothered by any doubt as to who is holding the winning hand or what dice combination will turn up next. The dice must be "dependable," the wheels controlled, the cards legible on both sides. There is, therefore, a lively demand for gaming equipment that will take the element of chance out of gambling.

Sixteen years ago a 21-year-old American of English descent set out to supply this demand. He scraped together a little capital and set himself up in business in Kansas City. Today Harrington E. Drake is head of an enterprise valued at nearly three-quarters of a million dollars and known as Mason & Co. The main factory, now located in Newark, measures 75 by 300 feet; branch offices and factories have been opened in New York, Chicago, Detroit, New Orleans, Kansas City, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Drake built up his industry with the inventive genius of a Steinmetz and the executive knack of a Jay Gould. His 108-page catalogue lists every device ever known to be worked on the sucker trade, from the famous shell-and-pea game to the most complicated wheel-control outfit. Marked cards are available in every standard back design and for every purpose—poker, blackjack, pinochle and straight work; cutting, riffing, cold-decking and dealing. A hundred varieties of trick dice will do everything but dance.

Mr. Drake will sell you "the most practical magnet on the market for properly controlling regular spot per-

fect transparent dice" for \$290, complete with giant magnet, switch, 40 feet of cable, three 12-volt storage batteries, a charger, and a set of magnet dice. It can be installed in a jiffy under a bar, table or counter, and "it is so powerful that transparent dice placed over the plate can be made to turn over."

If you can't go quite that high, or if you are handicapped with a glass counter, you can pick up the Humidor Magnet (No. 622) for only \$50, complete. Current "is supplied by chains at each end, which allow it to hang in the cigar

case in full view of the customers. Batteries are concealed in any convenient location." Special magnet dice run all the way from \$4 to \$20 a pair. No. 627 looks like a good buy. This pair "is used for both high and low, as they are loaded to show five-six and wired for ace-deuce. With the use of our magnets, this gives you positive control." Magnet-dice sets can also be obtained in the guise of cash drawers and money racks.

Many gamblers have found they play a better game when they know exactly what cards everybody in the game is holding. In such cases Mason & Co.'s "shiners" are of great assistance. The principle of the "shiner" is that a small mirror placed under the deck will reflect the face of the card as it is dealt,



"Wait! We'll have to try something else—this has been done before!"

enabling the dealer to identify each card as it leaves the deck. Shiner prices range from the \$75 machine, in which the mirror disappears up the operator's sleeve when not in use, to the \$1.50 "match box shiner" which can be left on the table in full view. A ring shiner with polished face to be turned inward is listed at \$5.

Marked cards will serve the same purpose, of course. The manufacture of "readers" is another of the company's specialties. Every artist on the staff is backed by years of experience,

it is claimed, and each deck is inspected by experts before being sent out. Special Mason & Co. combinations have been created for every standard back design. The diamond-check design is marked by slightly varying the size of one of the diamonds; the bicycle design by altering the fixtures at the handle bars or by adding or removing shading lines from the background; the cherub design by changing the number of birds seen in flight in the background; filigree designs by removing a small vine or tendril or breaking the contour of a line here and there.

ANOTHER system is the luminous-back-and-visor combination. The numbers are painted on the backs of the cards in two-inch characters—"8" for the eight-spot, "K" for a King, "A" for ace, and so on—in a special ink invisible to the naked eye, but clearly legible through the special spectacles or eye-shade.

"Slick Ace" decks are also in stock, with all the aces treated to give them a slippery surface, enabling "the operator" to cut an ace at will.

Mason & Co. have found that gamblers sometimes like to have the deck arranged in advance, so the "holdout machine" has been a popular piece of merchandise. It is strapped to the dealer's arm and hooked up so that it can be controlled by arm pressure or leg movement. When the time comes, the machine slips a new hand or a whole new deck into the player's hand from his sleeve, and takes away the "dead-wood" in the same operation. In this manner the switch can be made without attracting attention or causing any undue fuss from the other players.

The most expensive holdout is Martin's Hip And Foot Movement Machine at \$110, which can be used "with any style shirt, either French cuffs or round cuffs, without a coat." Another headliner is No. 640, the combination dice and card holdout, \$80 complete. The "improved vest holdout" is only \$12.50, and the "absolutely noiseless cold-decking outfit" can be had for \$22.50. With the latter machine is included free "a combination so that you may set up a deck for a 5-, 6-, 7-, or 8-handed game and have the best hand. Send us your coat. We will make the installation and return the same day, complete with illustrated instructions and cooler combinations."

There are points in favor of holdout No. 641, too, at \$70. It is "very swift, works on a track and is absolutely noiseless; you may go with your arm in any position using a



"I didn't sleep very well last night."

foot movement, and it is the only hold-out that will take a thin piece of paper (such as currency) and make it disappear. Sensitive receiver makes this possible."

THE enterprising chuck-luck operator need not risk his bankroll to the caprice of the dice. Not while there's such a highly practical item on the market as the Standard D-16 Little Neck Chuck-Luck Cage, with or without bell, with complete magnet control, for \$100. The D-16 is described as "a very practical outfit under the operator's control at all times. Ready to operate; complete instructions with each outfit." If the D-16 doesn't strike your fancy, the company can supply magnet control for any style chuck-luck cage.

The Mason & Co. shop takes a great deal of pride in its manufacture of "dependable" dice. The three major branches of the art are capped work, filled work and inlaid work. "Capped work" means that one face of the dice is made of heavier material than the rest. This method is used for influencing the behavior of transparent dice, where filling the center would be a little too obvious. "Inlaid work" is filling the spots on one side with a weighted paint, and "filled work" is simply loading the center.

Integrity of manufacture is assured by the statement: "Our filled white dice are all made from blanks, thereby assuring a perfect match as to spot and size. We remove the entire center so that when filling is added the special dice do not weigh more than fair ones. Our filled white dice are correctly made by our skilled dice mechanics who thoroughly understand properly placing the weight for the most effective results. They sound and roll natural and are guaranteed satisfactory when used on any hard, smooth surface. They are the choice of particular dice men everywhere who demand dice that will stand every test."

"Palming is one of the most difficult feats of the profession," write Mason & Co. "With our Check Cop it is done easily and surely without practice. Checks, coins, cards, etc. adhere to it while the hand is cold or hot. We unhesitatingly recommend this as the best all-purpose check cop ever manufactured. Also a big aid in second and bottom dealing, as it prevents missing. Take



"I know you've been with us a long time, but we can't mix sentiment with business."

your card any time, no matter what condition the deck is in." The Check Cop comes in liquid, paste and strip form at a dollar.

AMONG other miscellaneous gambler's helps, the company carries one-way door panes that are transparent from one side and opaque from the other, loaded put-and-take tops, the pea-and-shell game with instructions, crap sticks with special handles for switching the dice, special posts for controlling gambling wheels, and every description of gambling tables, roulette, clubroom and casino equipment.

The most remarkable thing about Mason & Co. is that they manufacture trick gambling apparatus with one hand and expose with the other. Item No. 909 is a book called "Card Secrets Exposed," described as "two hundred pages with illustrations and information on holdouts, prepared cards, con-

federates, shuffling, riffing, stacking, run-ups, locating, second and bottom dealing, etc. This book answers every question and explains every trick." Item 910 is "a complete expose of card backs and their marks, card marking, ink formulas, strippers and how made, shiners, holdouts, percentage dice work of all kinds, magnets, etc. This book is a complete give-away of every device manufactured up to date."

The company now handles all its New York business from the main factory in Newark. They used to have a Manhattan office at the significant address of 711, Eighth Avenue.

—E. JEROME ELLISON

This year, relief workers will hail the fourth of July as Dependence Day.

One thing that ought to be settled by the publishers' code is how many authors' lectures are justified by one book.



THE THEATRE OF GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

THE theatrical season of 1934-35 has come to an end with the bestowal of the Pulitzer prize upon *Geraniums in My Window* after the indignant resignation of the playgoing committee, which insisted that the award go to *Cross Ruff*. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler has announced that, to avoid any such embarrassment in the future, the playgoing committee will be abandoned and the winning plays henceforth be picked out of a hat. This statement also induced a wave of indignation, resulting in the resignation of fourteen hat manufacturers.

The last presentations of the season were all worthy of Pulitzer prizes, particularly *Symphony*, by Charles March, which ran for two successive performances, *Reprise*, by W. D. Bristol, which ran for one, and *Folly's Fool*, by Mose Brandywine, which was scheduled for the Provincetown Playhouse and magnanimously didn't show up at all. *Symphony* and *Reprise* were two little darlings. In the former the leading man, in an excess of ham passion that overwhelmed him in Act II, lay hold of Miss Edith Barrett with such ardor that the curtain had to be rung down ten minutes before time in order that a masseuse might be summoned to get her spine back into shape for Act III. And in the latter, an actor with a small brown moustache made Grecian love to another actor who indifferently and very impolitely the while kept looking at a reddish-purple backdrop representing the East River, all to the accompaniment of a phonograph that occultly started to play sad music of its own free will whenever the situation demanded.

SOMETHING GAY, by Adelaide Heilbron, brought Talulah Bankhead back to the plate for the third time in the season, but once again failed to provide her with a bat. Miss Heilbron's notion of a play was to have Miss Bankhead come on the stage and then one by one bring on the other

characters, have them in turn individually and separately engage her in conversation, and shoo them off-stage, again in turn, when they had finished their jobs. The evening hence resolved itself into a series of dialogues that were interrupted only on such occasions as Miss Heilbron thought it would be nobby to have Miss Bankhead run upstairs and change into something else cute, when the dialogues became monologues on the part of the deserted actors. During the monologues, the deserted actors, once they had recited their time-killing lines, were driven to consume quarts of theoretical whiskey and soda, as it was frequently apparent that Miss Bankhead's maid was no quick shakes in fastening hooks and eyes and buttoning things up the back.

The play, which the producer surely couldn't have read, was the turkey dealing with a wife who tries to win back her husband's love by making him jealous. In the last act, Miss Heilbron doubtless imagined that she had hit on a fresh idea when she made the wife, to her husband's chuckling and self-satisfied disbelief, really go off with her young lover. But the trouble with Miss Heilbron is that, like her producer, she doesn't read plays. If she did, or if she went to the theatre often, she would have known that her fresh idea ceased to be fresh when Crommelynck used it fifteen years ago in *The Magnificent Cuckold*. And even then Crommie had been anticipated by half a dozen other playwrights. Nor was Miss H. any more fortunate in the vernal quality of her dialogue, which consisted mainly of cracks that were already dated when Lee Shubert was still living in Syracuse. Miss Bankhead worked like a beaver to get some life into the evening and Hugh Sinclair even went to the extent of laying in a new double-breasted din-

ner jacket, but their efforts were in vain.

IN *To See Ourselves*, E. M. Delafield similarly imagined that a succession of dialogues constituted a play, but Mrs. Delafield at least enjoys a literary skill and an eye to character that Miss Heilbron was not vouchsafed by her fairy godmother. The only difficulty with Mrs. D.'s literary skill and eye to character is that they seem to be more aptly fitted to the novel form than to the dramatic. And to the slow-moving novel form at that.

In this exhibit we also engaged stuff that was theatrically rococo. A middle-aged wife married to a clod of a husband bethinks herself of other days and pines for a whiff of romance. This she finds in a young Irishman named Michael Dennison (played by Earle Larimore, who possesses all the rich Celtic quality of chow mein). Apprised by her that her libido has been inspired by the Irishman, her husband incredulously contents himself with a derisive sniff, argues with her that she must be ill and urges her to be herself. In the end we find the husband still passively sitting by the fire reading his newspaper, the young Irishman off to marry the ingénue, and the middle-aged wife sitting on the sofa with a far-away look in her eyes and

meditating upon the "moment of beauty" that had come into her humdrum existence. If you've seen that play less than fifty times, even not counting the time you were last in Paris, I'm Mrs. Gloria Vanderbilt.

The company that retailed the script included, in addition to the Mr. Larimore noted, Patricia Collinge, who, while satisfactory in one or two scenes, played what was essentially a comedy rôle as if Leo Tolstoy, or at least Hermann Sudermann, had had a hand in it; Reginald Mason,



who gave the husband the proper comedy flavor; and Helen Trenholme, a personable young woman who was so excessively breezy in the ingénue rôle that half the audience caught bad colds.

KIND LADY, manufactured from a Hugh Walpole story by Edward Chodorov, was the tale of an elderly woman who sympathetically took a presumably starving young man, along with his supposed wife and baby, into her house and then discovered, to her terror, that she was harboring a gang of vicious crooks. This obviously melodramatic theme the author invested with so ferocious an avoidance of any trace of melodrama that the audience momentarily looked for the wheeling in of a tea cart and the settling down of the characters to a spree of epigrams.

The mellowing of melodrama into something approaching polite drawing-room drama is one of the deplorable aspects of present-day playwriting. It is a mark of the spurious theatrical sophistication which is helping steadily to boost James Cagney's salary and increase the audiences of the MM. Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi, those two great artists. When people want melodrama, they want melodrama and not Freddie Lonsdale with his shirt merely open at the neck. Starved for it under the new theatrical dispensation, they may go even to a mild imitation of it and may accept the imitation in lieu of what they are really hungry for, but the very next evening you will find them either at a movie so full of machine guns that you can hardly hear the gum chewers, or at home reading a thriller with at least six murders to a page. What the theatre box-offices cry for are melodramas that don't give the impression of being ashamed of themselves and that whoop it up in the good old-fashioned manner. "Take *that*, you cur!" and "One step nearer and I'll blow the living daylights out of ye!" will bring back to the ticket window a whole lot of people who are now driven in despair to films containing Frankenstein monsters pursuing platinum blondes, gangsters plying their artillery in night clubs, and Chinamen creeping up on Ronald Colman with poisoned daggers.

Grace George had the leading rôle in the Chodorov ceremony and gave, as usual, a performance worthy of critical respect. Henry Daniell, as the head crook, was also, as usual, in good acting

trim. But what the evening needed was a little turpentine in the right place.

(Footnote to the above critique: The editor of this magazine tells me that he had a wonderful time at the show. I am arranging, as a special treat for him, revivals of both *Symphony* and *Reprise*—and am giving him a box party at *Something Gay*.)

PARADE, a revue concocted by various hands and offered by the Theatre Guild, was a monotonous and dull attempt to transfer the Red point of view to the song and dance stage. Save for one or two amusing lyrics and the presence of Jimmy Savo on the platform, it had a pervading amateur flavor and succeeded in making the Theatre Guild rather ridiculous.

In the case of *The Hook-Up*, by the Messrs. Lait and Gross, the audience was asked to be inordinately amused by the ridiculousness of the radio, which was something like asking it to laugh itself to death over the absurdity of dachshunds, fat wo-

men, or the Pulitzer prize. The same request has been made of audiences in the past few years by other playwrights, and with as little success. What is already burlesque cannot further be burlesqued, save by a satirist of uncommon genius. To attempt to extract comedy, accordingly, from the already preposterous and giddy radio advertising programs, crooners, air actors and other such fowl is to attempt the next to impossible.

UP in Harlem, in the Lafayette theatre, our colored brothers and sisters have lately inaugurated a stock company (under Caucasian, so to speak, management) and have dedicated their art to the revival of various past Broadway successes. I had the great honor to attend their initial performance—the vehicle was *Sailor, Beware!*—and I came away from it convinced that there is at least one histrionic department in which Negroes excel. That department is the laying hold of a mildly shady line and quite

(Continued on page 43)



"No, I am not listening to the Crane Plumbing Program!"



GOING TO THE MOVIES

WITH

DON HEROLD

(Pictures marked* not suitable for children)

Torture-Pleasure

NATURE must have placed within each of us a certain definite appetite for the horrible, otherwise there wouldn't be tabloid newspapers, and there wouldn't be such crowds around sick horses, and there wouldn't be so many terror movies.

I can't quite figure why we should pay real money at a box-office to have somebody scare us half out of skins and wits or to put us on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Goodness sakes alive, I don't have to hire anybody to drag me to the verge of a nervous breakdown; I live there; but I suppose some people live miles back from one all the time and have an actual hunger for the jitters.

An immense number of scream and screech pictures seem to have been bathing around, this past month, and I guess I had better hand in a theme about them. I hope I get an "A".

Personally, I would never (if I weren't a hired movie sitter) (this work is not at all unlike sitting as a decoy in a Coney Island bus at so much per hour) place two bits on a box office window sill to see one of these chillers. Yet millions of my fellow men pay dough to get in to see these spooxies. Lon Chaney was always surefire at the box office, and Bela Lugosi and Boris Karloff are Clark Gable to a lot of people. (Clark Gable is usually Boris Karloff to me.) My own idea of fun is to see Fred Astaire or Charles Butterworth or W. C. Fields or even Stan Laurel, but maybe I'm just a scaredy-cat.

I suppose that the satisfaction lots of people get in watching hair-raising movies is in seeing something going on in the world that is worse than their home life.

But when, as in *Mark of the Vampire*, the visor on the suit of armor in the old castle moves up and down, and the

players cringe with fright and the audience shrieks with apprehension, and finally a house cat emerges from the headpiece, I feel as if I had been sold out. I guess you just have to join in on these parties, and let go. In short, you have to take part. And it is my theory that, such being the case, the picture should pay you for coming and helping, instead of asking an admission fee. This might, incidentally, be another good way for the government to throw money away; let them establish a Horror Movie Supernumerary Fund, and pay everybody \$5 for going to each shrieker.

The best of the current curdlers is *Werewolf of London*. The worst of them are *Mark of the Vampire*, *The Florentine Dagger* and *Bride of Frankenstein*, on all of which I have exhausted myself in the two to five lines allotted to me in LIFE's great humanitarian "Stop and Go" department. With a little more abandon, I could have had authentic nervous indigestion at *Werewolf of London*.

Goin' to Town*

THOUGH I do not deny that Mae West has a simmons figure and undulates a sinister hip, I still maintain that her chief appeal is mental and spiritual, and that she is an influence for good. She galvanizes glands of a lot of people who have gone merely nice, and stirs up pepper in a lot of others who have grown docile. And I opine that one thing this world needs is fewer tame people. And, furthermore, Mae is a great show-woman. She is the same old Mae in *Goin' to Town*, and more of her. Vulgar, brazen, rough, unsubtle—but so full of wholesome gall that she is an antidote to everything in each of us that is licked, cowed, craven and abject.

In *Goin' to Town*, Mae inherits oil wells and race horses, and decides to crash Southampton. It's a circus, and you don't any more compare Mae West's current picture with her last year's pic-

ture than you compare this year's circus with last year's circus or this year's Sears-Roebuck catalog with last year's.

Go Into Your Dance

IN *Go Into Your Dance*, they don't take time to change scenery; they just have different scenery. They don't take time to change costumes; they just have different costumes. They start out with you in a supposedly realistic story in a night club, and they cover several city blocks with the camera and you are still in the night club. This is a license taken by producers of big musicals which license I am about ready to say should be revoked. I don't know how they will have big musicals without this license, but I wish they would think it over. Maybe we won't have any more big musicals. Oh, well.

Al Jolson, like so many members of his race and several other races, has unbelievable vitality rather than any singing or dancing ability, but his vitality eventually interests me to some extent. It is all no doubt a business with Al; if he were manufacturing pants he would go at it just as hard. Ruby Keeler is a sweet, motherly girl, with big eyes and nice knees, rather than with much singing or dancing ability, but she, too, eventually gets me. *Go Into Your Dance* is a big, lavish musical, with more of a plot than most musicals, and it is noteworthy that one of the most effective scenes in it is one in which Ruby just rolls back a rug and dances while Al plays the piano, at a total scenic cost of probably \$145.

The Informer*

IF films could live for generations, *The Informer* would be one that would. But it is art rather than entertainment. When you get through with it you'll know you've seen something, but you won't exactly have had

a good time. It's a low-key picture. It's a tragic picture, a sad, grim, serious picture. It tells how, in Dublin in 1922, Gypo Nolan (Victor McLaglen) squeals on his pal for twenty pounds and then gets violently drunk on the proceeds instead of taking his girl to America as he had promised. Direction by John Ford is nothing short of masterful, photography by Joseph H. August is superb, and Victor McLaglen

(surprised as I am) establishes himself irrefutably as one of the greatest actors of the screen.

The Scoundrel*

THE *Scoundrel* is about one of those bad men who go through life tossing off women and epigrams. But the bad man gets his, this time. He drowns, or semi-drowns, or something, in an airplane crash, and comes back and finds that he is unmourned, which hurts him terribly. It starts out Oscar Wildey and ends up Eugene O'Neill screwy, with Noel Coward talking to himself over his shoulder. The firm of Hecht and MacArthur produced it.

Noel Coward is a busy and talented young man, but when it comes to acting I believe he belongs in the will-power class. His notion of acting is to hold his body rigid and bite out cutting remarks.

Sample dialogue:

Cora (on the floor, crying): "You don't love me any more?"

Anthony (Mr. Coward, with his hat on): "That is an ungallant question that women always want answered gallantly."

This would have impressed me greatly about 1910.

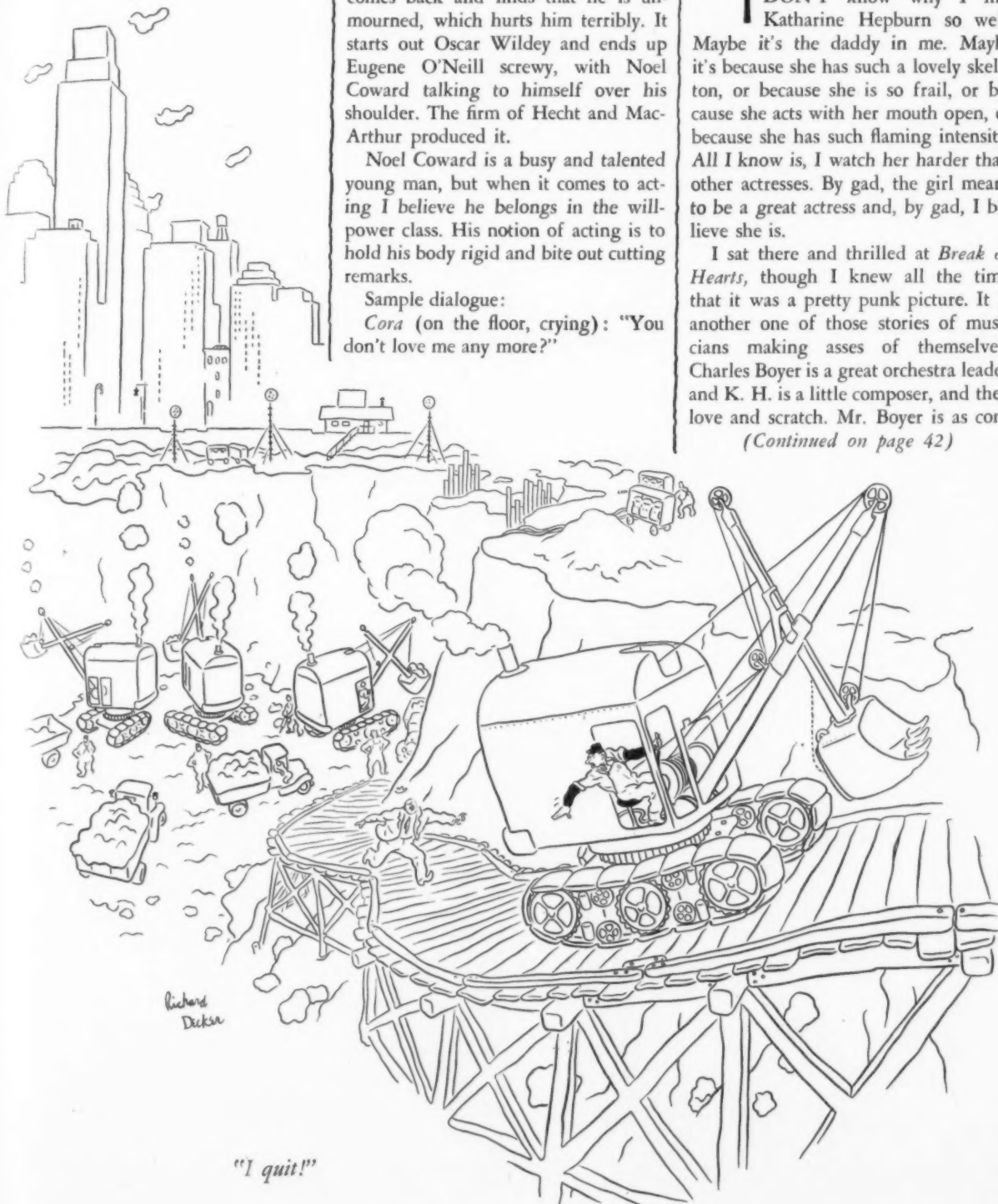
The *New York Times* said: "The most dazzling writing this column has ever heard on the screen."

Break of Hearts

I DON'T know why I like Katharine Hepburn so well. Maybe it's the daddy in me. Maybe it's because she has such a lovely skeleton, or because she is so frail, or because she acts with her mouth open, or because she has such flaming intensity. All I know is, I watch her harder than other actresses. By gad, the girl means to be a great actress and, by gad, I believe she is.

I sat there and thrilled at *Break of Hearts*, though I knew all the time that it was a pretty punk picture. It is another one of those stories of musicians making asses of themselves. Charles Boyer is a great orchestra leader and K. H. is a little composer, and they love and scratch. Mr. Boyer is as con-

(Continued on page 42)





"While There's Life, There's Hope"

COUGHLINISM

THE fact that Father Coughlin is a minister of the gospel has nothing to do with the case. There have been priests and ministers in politics before. Monsignor Seipel was dictator of Austria in the years after the war. Cardinal Innitzer is perhaps the most important political figure in Austria today. Bishop Cannon, of another faith, had great influence in this country during prohibition. What is important, however, is that Father Coughlin is a political menace. Anyone who has studied the rise of Fascism in Italy and Germany is faced with alarming parallels between Father Coughlin's program and the programs of Mussolini and Hitler. The deadly resemblance has been pointed out most clearly by Wilfred J. Parsons, S. J., in the columns of the Catholic periodical, *America*.

Hitler's appeal was to the middle classes and the small merchant. Father Coughlin's strength comes from the same sources. Hitler's party was the National Socialist party; Father Coughlin's is the National Union for Social Justice. Hitler's program was extremely radical until he got into power. It demanded distribution of wealth, a curbing of the great bankers, protection for the small merchant against the chain stores, nationalization of the land. Father Coughlin has equally hard words for the bankers, defends the wage earner, calls for printing press money to pay the bonus and threatens the end of capitalism by the ballot box if capitalism fails to solve its problems.

The bankers of Germany were never disturbed by Hitler's rantings; instead they supported him while he built up his following by the use of radical slogans. It is an old trick of demagogues practised earlier by the ex-socialists, Mussolini and

Pilsudski. Once in office, Hitler forgot his liberal policies. He smashed the labor unions, protected the chain stores, failed to nationalize the land and failed to bother the bankers, including the great Jewish bankers who had financed him on the way to power.

Father Coughlin, the professed friend of the common man, built his new church in Detroit with non-union labor. Belaboring the iniquities of Wall Street, he himself secretly gambled in silver futures while filling the air with demand for the nationalization of silver. His social program, if carried out, will inevitably lead to Fascism, as Father Parsons has pointed out. You may care nothing for the rights of labor, but you may care for your own freedom. You may not care to be Hitlerized even

by a man who seems as kindly intentioned as the sage of Detroit. There are various pied pipers of discontent seeking to divert the minds of the masses with tales of the promised land—the Longs, the Coughlins, the Townsends, the Sinclairs. They point out many genuine evils; their solutions are fantastic. Like the others, Father Coughlin's generalizations are broad, beautiful and meaningless. He declares that his National Union is not to be another political party. How, then, is he to lead us out of the wilderness? By working through the Democratic and Republican parties to vote capitalism out of existence? That is comparable to working through the Vatican to vote Christianity out of existence. It is nonsense. It is Coughlinism.

—K. S. C.



—Drawn by Gregor Duncan

"—and I'll speak for Him!"

The one thing they didn't teach him

THEY taught him everything about business except the thing he most needed to know—*how to avoid offending business men with whom he came in contact.*

Are they "not in" to you?

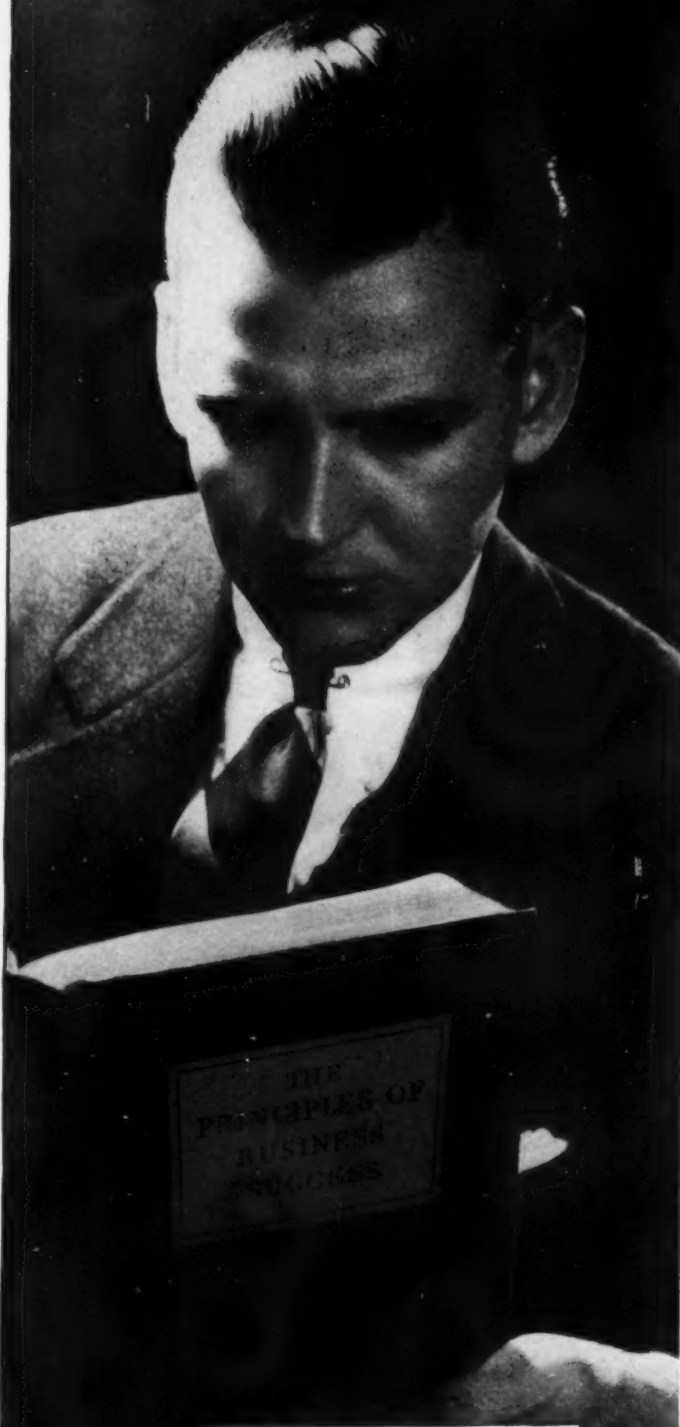
The No. 1 handicap in business is halitosis (bad breath). It hurts you with your associates, your employer, and the people you have to meet in the course of your work.

The insidious thing about halitosis is that you yourself never know when you have it—and anyone, yourself included, is likely to be a victim. Ninety per cent of cases, says a noted dental authority, are due to the fermentation of tiny food particles that even careful tooth brushing has failed to remove.

Don't guess about your breath. You can make sure that it is beyond reproach by simply using Listerine. Listerine halts fermentation, a major cause of odors, then gets rid of the odors themselves. The entire mouth becomes sweet, clean, fresh, and wholesome.

Get in the habit of rinsing the mouth with Listerine systematically, every morning and every night, and between times before appointments. Keep a bottle handy in home and office. Tuck it into your bag when you travel. It is a business and social asset. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

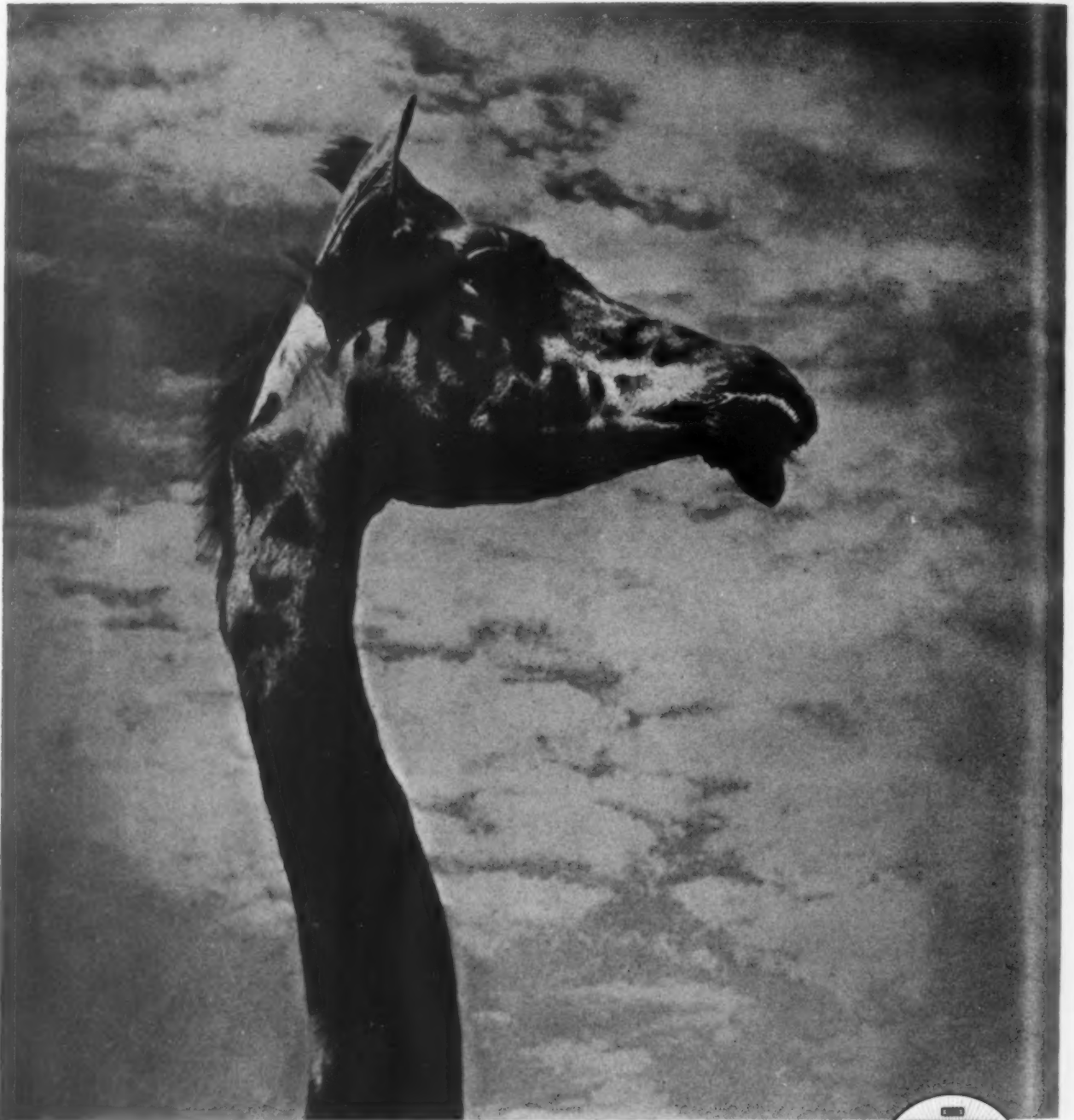
LISTERINE *halts*
halitosis (BAD BREATH)



104 Cool Shaves
LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM
25c for the Large Tube

UP ABOVE the rest on high

There's just one gasoline to buy... Next time get Ethyl!



3 FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT GASOLINE

1. Pumps marked Ethyl contain the coolest fuel for summer use. That's because, by the action of Ethyl fluid, more of the potential energy of each gallon is transformed into engine power and less sent as waste heat into the cooling system, already battling high outside temperatures.
2. Ethyl fluid is needed to develop full performance by modern high compression cars every season of the year. It makes older cars, too, run better as carbon and mileage accumulate. That is why approximately 95% of all premium

gasoline sold in the United States and Canada now contains Ethyl fluid.

3. Sufficient Ethyl fluid (containing tetraethyl lead) is used to produce the highest anti-knock rating by the official test methods of the oil and automotive industries. The all-round quality of premium fuel so treated is protected by double inspection at the refinery and at the pump. To get all the power and pleasure from your car investment—**NEXT TIME GET ETHYL!**



ALWAYS LOOK!
Only pumps which are identified by the Ethyl trademark on the globe or body dispense gasoline containing Ethyl fluid.

LIFE'S GAME DEPARTMENT

JULY

"A Paper to Make You Think."

1935

ARE YOU SURE?

Take a pencil and check one of the suggested answers in each of the questions below. Your score in the Fifties is Fair. . . . Seventies, Good . . . Eighties, Excellent.

1. Soldiers break step when marching across a bridge in order to:
prevent corns relieve monotony
stop rhythmic swaying of bridge
demonstrate rugged individualism

2. Boris Karloff, the movie actor, usually plays one of these rôles:
cute baby wronged woman big banker
fiend lover gray-haired mother

3. A fast-moving steam passenger train obtains its water by:
whistling shrilly waiting for rain
scooping it from trough between rails
stopping at wayside water tanks

4. Sailors' trousers are cut wide at the bottom to:
give better ventilation attract girls
roll up easily for deck cleaning
show direction wind is blowing

5. One of these is not a U. S. National Park:
Acadia Glacier Yosemite Yellowstone
Rocky Mountain Grand Canyon Jasper

6. If you asked your mother-in-law to genuflect you would be asking her to:
pack up and leave mind her tongue
bend her knee pass the sugar
speak more distinctly be patient

7. A winged foot is the trademark of:
John Ward Shoes American Air Lines
Northern Pacific R.R. Duesenberg
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. Sanka Coffee

8. The word "acclimated" is correctly pronounced:
a-CLIM-ated ACK-climated ack-cli-MAY-ted

9. A week-end spent with Frank Lloyd Wright would probably help you to a better understanding of:
Diesel engines curing hams Rumba
modern architecture song writing
cranial nerves racing planes

10. If you were introduced to the former Doris Duke, you could correctly murmur:
"How do you do, Mrs. Fletcher?"
"Did you enjoy the Taj Mahal, Mrs. Taylor?"
"Delighted to meet you, Mrs. Cromwell."
"Charmed, Princess."

11. One of these words is spelled correctly:
asparagus soliloquy dilemma ennoble
repreive eucher hemorrhage hydrangia

12. If you became a "G-man" you would be a:

stick-up man gigolo dope pedler
Department of Justice agent mail robber
cattle thief panhandler movie stooge

13. The America's Cup is competed for in:
marathon dancing drinking hockey
yachting oratory yodeling tennis

14. "Mothersill's" is recommended for:
sore joints pre-natal reading dry scalp
seasickness worms crank case fly casting

15. The word "manikins" is properly used in one of these sentences:
"How is my gwate bid manikins today?"
He had hardening of the manikins.
She was one of the manikins in the show.
"Darling, your manikins are showing."

16. If you were suddenly transformed into a termite you would be most interested in:
mattresses mud-houses trees bananas
vintage steaks old clothes dogs

17. Claudette Colbert made a sensational hit in:
"The Drunkard" "Canary Murder Case"
"David Copperfield" "Little Miss Marker"
"It Happened One Night"
"Naughty Marietta" "The Thin Man"

18. Numerically speaking, one of these states has the lowest population:
Wyoming Rhode Island Arizona Utah
Nevada New Mexico Oklahoma Idaho

19. "When Better Automobiles Are Built . . . Will Build Them":
Russia Hupmobile Packard Pierce Arrow
Buick Rolls Royce Oldsmobile Chrysler

20. Johns Hopkins is a name associated with:
burlesque houses heavy water Atlanta
faith healing Rochester, Minn. Baltimore

21. One of these statements is false:
"He don't" is grammatically wrong.
The Library of Congress is the world's largest.
Paris is larger than Berlin.
Charles Laughton is the same age as Kay Francis.

22. "All the world's a stage—" is from:
Will Hays Noel Coward Balaban & Katz
Greyhound Bus Lines Shakespeare Bible

23. A grease coating is frequently used by long distance swimmers to:
help them slide through water
keep fish away protect them from cold
lubricate muscles prevent rusting

24. The antonym of "synonym" is:

apocryphal similar antonym
diffident disseminate indigenous

25. According to tradition, one should find at the end of the rainbow:
political sinecure rich widow wet spot
Federal relief senile millionaire
movie contract pot of gold

26. The profile on the Lincoln penny faces:
Mecca left north right south

27. Schiaparelli would be most efficient at helping you:
compose an aria cook a soufflé breed rabbits
design a dress change a tire write a poem

28. The word "cygnet" is correctly used in one of these sentences:
"I like your cygnet ring."
A cygnet has soft little feathers.
"Cygnet on the dotted line!" he growled.
When the cygnet enters, the harem rises.

29. The Postmaster-General during the Hoover administration was named:
Cook Eilenberger Brown Wallace
Farley Simpson Moran Cooper

30. Mae West will probably be longest remembered for her:
ability to read ancient Hebrew dancing
superb singing figure fried chicken

31. One of these words is misspelled:
phlox synonym yacht phaeton surfeit
guillotine dinghy frieze epitaph

32. No magician would be insulted if you called him:
prestidigitator philanderer humiliator
procrastinator pornographer prevaricator

33. If you were required to sit on an elephant's back you would be comfortable if you had a:
punkab bookab boudab
tantrum puma poilu

34. A "half-Nelson" is a:
term used in necking sailors' knot
wrestling hold British pastry cocktail

35. One of these is a penal offense:
taking a siesta stealing a march
shooting off your mouth libel
sticking up a sign murdering a song

36. Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes recently accused Senator Long of having:
"protruding ears"
"paralysis of the pituitary"
"psoriasis of the cerebellum"
"balitosis of the intellect"
"hallucinations"

(Continued on page 30)

LIFE'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

1. Liquor in popular usage.
5. Sham.
10. A choice piece.
15. A credit to you.
19. Razz.
21. The round-about way.
23. General destruction.
25. The usual remarks.
28. A soft filling.
29. A child-bearing toy.
32. Well known writer.
33. Sleeps.
35. Quailed.
36. Without either.
37. This one never goes straight.
39. The center for peaches.
40. Military backing.
41. It's bound to rise.
42. Still a toss-up at weddings.
43. Sheet measure.
45. The original spade trick.
47. Unbend.
49. A special denomination.
50. Masculine subject.
51. Kind of breakers to avoid.
53. Last thing to do.
54. Kitten call.
56. Fish food.
57. Try to outdo.
58. Connected with.
60. Sticks.
63. A strict accounting.
65. The old army game.
67. Shows up.

68. The red man.
69. This comes first.
73. Kind of foot measurement.
75. Language with modifications.
79. Classical "blues" song.
80. Popular ball club.
82. A covering of earth.
83. This takes in everything.
85. A big hum-bug.
86. He's tight even when sober.
87. The two spot.
89. Fix up for show.
91. The mark of the beast.
93. Location of rest.
94. The only real time.
96. Spankers.
99. Half afraid.
101. Half tone.
102. Jar.
103. A big musical star.
104. This takes a lot of bows.
105. A kind of quick shot.
106. For instance.
108. Nobody in particular.
110. A pack of camels.
113. Time for a story.
115. Main division of scales.
116. This is violent.
118. All done.
120. The truth is on this.
121. A little animal.
123. Push off.
125. A bit of the old sod.
126. A great empire state.
128. Help wanted.
129. Just full of tricks.

131. Knowing.
132. Fell with blows.
133. Adviser.
135. Idol of the Spanish ring.
137. Stubborn little brute.
138. A musical forte.
140. Swelled up.
142. The great pre-election favor-ite.
143. It's a favor.
145. A sore point.
148. All prepared.
149. Says you.
151. This always requires judg-ment.
154. A section of looking glass.
155. Something sweet we all avoid.
157. Rubs out.
159. Earth and water.
161. Glimpse.
162. Urge.
163. Men at work.
165. A course made up of greens.
166. Mock.
168. One and nothing.
169. A deadly offence.
171. Some things about women.
172. The least you can do.
174. A wanderer.
177. A starter.
179. Twisted.
181. Fire light.
184. Not in harmony.
186. Point of separation.
188. Take care.
190. By.
191. It all adds up to this.
192. A slight lot.
194. Toward Greenland.
195. Pig food.
197. That's final.
198. To go free.
200. Come across.
202. Speaks out.
204. Fit for a king.
206. Good for you.
208. Drive on.
209. Fundamental of the splits.
211. Sickness in general.
212. The down in the mouth sen-sation.
213. Plays carelessly.
214. One with great self-respect.
215. A god of the woods.

18. A removed place.
20. Foot work.
22. A "just" title for newly-weds.
24. These have high face value.
26. Glanced obliquely.
27. Grew fond.
30. Within the law.
31. The third degree.
34. A religious jurisdiction.
35. A famous "side" drink.
38. A big blow.
42. Notorious marine wrecker.
44. Opposed to make.
46. Not conservatively speaking.
48. Plain to see.
49. The word of a gentleman.
50. This takes pluck to play.
52. Worn out.
54. The nine artful Greeks.
55. Something for sound.
57. What the NRA isn't.
59. A notable performance.
61. Three cheers.
62. A rosy red apple.
63. It has all-embracing func-tions.
64. A gob.
65. A roll of dough.
66. The lions' den.
70. A guide line.
71. Big track event.
72. On the rocks.
74. Said before.
76. The final judge.
77. The peer of any.
78. The last red.
80. Early mankind.
81. Subject.
83. A burning shame.
84. Allow me.
86. In poetry a royal surveyor.
87. The sign of ability.
88. Marine life.
89. Foot gear.
90. Brother to Tuck.
92. Two in the net.
95. Not too sweet.
97. Taken on challenge (pl.).
98. Persists.
100. Crowd around.
107. Auction.
108. This comes first.
109. As far as you can go.
111. Declare.
112. The sweetest daddy on earth.
114. The lap of a cow.
115. Not so much as more.
117. Game played in the alley.
118. An English instructor.
119. Singular data.
121. Indulge.
122. A suggestion of strength.
124. Key man of modern jazz.
126. What bad children were spared.
127. One who refuses to settle.
129. Complements.
130. A rustic pipe.
133. A cup for a little shaver.
134. Never get taken for one of these.
135. Changed about.
136. Go to pieces.

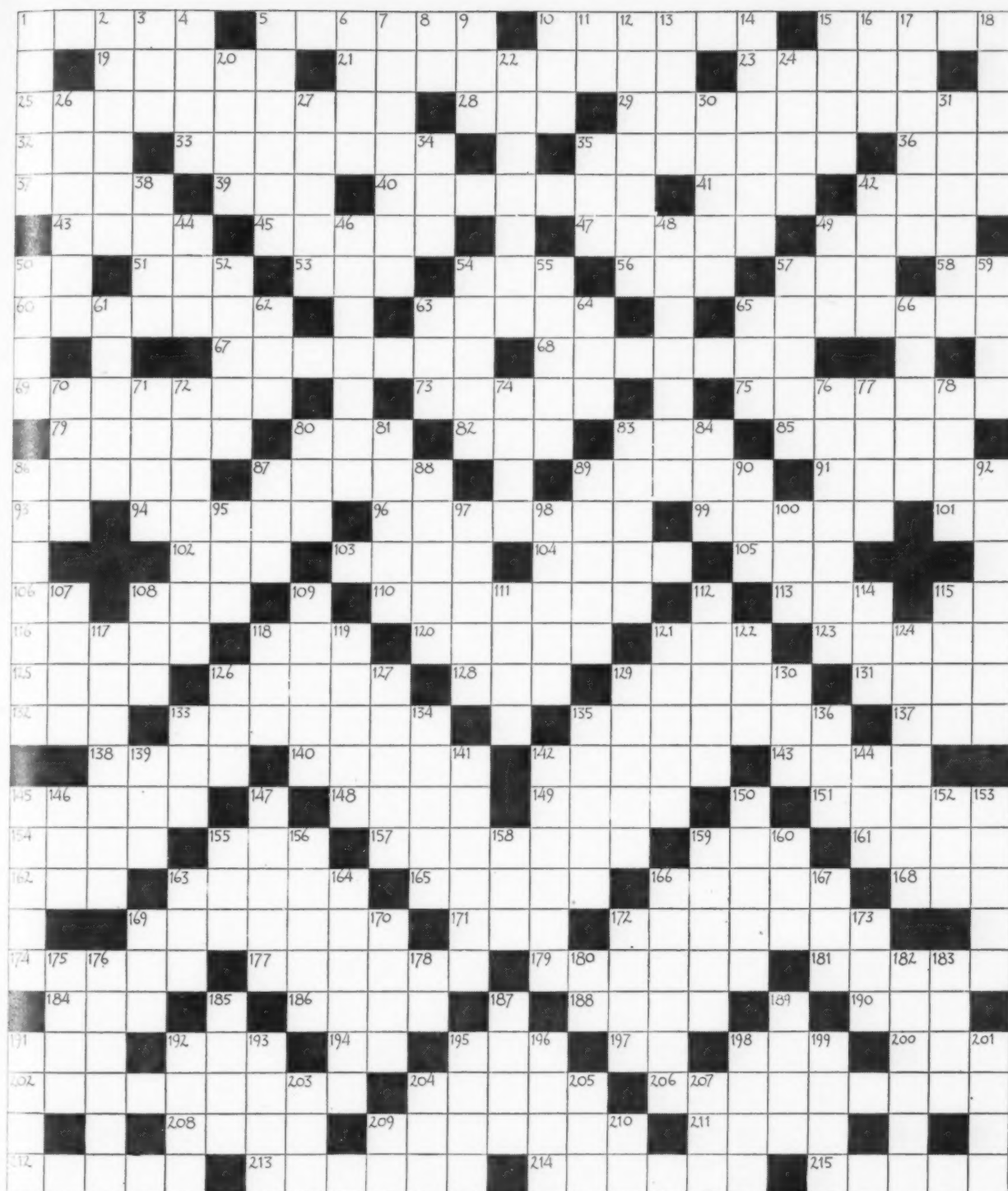
JUNE SOLUTION

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VERTICAL

1. The best kind of chances.
2. Flowers for the bride.
3. A hut.
4. The wool over the eyes.
5. Unable to get it.
6. Fancy opening.
7. Merit.
8. Medicine man.
9. Thin bark.
10. Dry out.
11. What babies cry for.
12. Ardent follower.
13. Cook up.
14. A ribbed-in space.
15. With lots of relish.
16. Dunk.
17. Picturesque.

Life



139. Next to nothing.
 141. Add insult to injury.
 142. A lot in the suburbs.
 144. Pay dirt.
 145. Casts out.
 146. Badge.
 147. A settlement house.
 150. Damp.
 152. Yale's latest educational pet.
 153. This law never tries anybody.
 155. Name offensive to orientals.
 156. Propeller.

158. Something for heavy drink-
 ing.
 159. Only got by digging.
 160. This is not quite clear.
 163. An old minstrel song.
 164. Black birds.
 166. Small fry.
 167. Reduction.
 169. An unsociable call.
 170. Flattering hand-out.
 172. Bearing.
 173. Floor cloth.

175. Trip about.
 176. Talk of the town.
 178. Firm.
 180. Short weight.
 182. A telling statement.
 183. Study up.
 185. A bull fighter.
 187. It's a long story.
 189. Tight.
 191. Any place.
 192. Chimney piece.
 193. These cover the bare facts.

195. Always up to scratch.
 196. Neck piece of horse hair.
 198. Cut and run.
 199. A place to eat.
 201. A world revolution.
 203. Abbreviated opera.
 204. Butter.
 205. Backward inclination.
 207. Something of a man.
 209. Two pecks (abbr.).
 210. Ed Wynn's big start.
 (Solution next month)

ARE YOU SURE?

(Continued from page 27)

37. When you are "taken out" in bridge your partner:
whimpers renigs bursts into tears
names another suit calls you a dummy
gnaws nails nervously discards

38. There is one true statement here:
The U.S. has always had an income tax.
Minnesota is the most northernmost state.
A "parvenu" is a spendthrift.
A fortnight is twenty-one days.

39. If a shoe clerk said, "My, what a long vamp you have!" he would point to your:
heel toe instep upper front of shoe
nose forearm eyelashes

40. One of these events did not occur during May:
King George's Jubilee celebration.
President Roosevelt's trip to Caribbean.
Winning of Kentucky Derby by "Omaha".
Departure of "Normandie" from Havre.

41. Only one of these terms is not nautical:
balyard spinnaker poniard taffrail
capstan gunwale binnacle rigging

42. The late Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes left one-half of his \$550,000 estate to:
Standard Oil of N. J. *U. S. Government*
National Symphony Orchestra *Mennonites*
Baptist Church
Share The Wealth Movement

43. "Eventually, Why Not Now?" is the slogan of:

Pillsbury's flour *Gold Medal flour*
Ex-Lax *Woodlawn Cemetery* *Kools*
Standard Brands, Inc. *King Midas flour*

44. Most visitors to Hawaii have placed around their necks:
bula dancers *pineapples* *picas* *leis*
surfboards *lentils* *teepees*

45. The prolonged lack of one of these will make you "pass out" quickest:
water *whiskey* *romance* *food* *movies*

46. "Carnivorous" is to "herbivorous" as a lover of steaks is to:
Jack Dempsey's restaurant *tomato sauce*
vegetarian *dentist* *jackal* *indigestion*

47. "Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion" is used by:
Pond's *Woodbury's* *Ivory* *Lifebuoy*
Palmolive *Rinso* *Djer Kiss* *Hind's*

48. If you were a scion of a family you would definitely be:
the black sheep *the bread winner*
the man servant *a descendant* *the lawyer*

49. The father of Tallulah Bankhead is:
mattress tester *Major-General* *rancher*
water meter inspector *Congressman* *actor*

50. The word "quintuplets" is correctly pronounced:

QUIN-tup-plets *quin-TUP-lets*
quintu-PLETS *DioNNe*

Number of correct answers.....
Multiply by two for score.....
(Answers on page 47)

PARIS PUZZLE

1. If you haven't had a hard night, go climb the Eiffel Tower. It's only feet.
2. You can't get accommodations at the Hôtel de Ville because it's the
3. When you're a girl and unescorted and crave a dance, hire a
4. Leonardo da Vinci's "Mona Lisa" is smiling mysteriously for you in the
5. If you're longing for the latest news of the U.S.A. and can't read French, buy yourself a
6. Those little motor cars, the counterparts of our Fords, are called
7. There are a lot of nasty-looking gargoyles all over the Cathedral of
8. At the crack of dawn, join the hucksters at Les Halles, the to you.
9. If it's learning you're after, enroll at the
10. If you have the gift of discovering articles of value in piles of junk, try the market.
11. The Church of the Sacré-Cœur is in the district, from which you get a swell view of the city.
12. Forgo your cocktail just for once and, like the French, order an
13. You won't find any Rembrandts in the Galerie Lafayette because it's a
14. Franc is not your waiter's name, it's
15. No need to miss your daily subway ride, the is the same thing.
16. One doesn't go to the movies, but to the
17. If you would like to pay your respects to France's Unknown Soldier, go to the Arc
18. Be sure to reserve a night and a seat for that world-famous risqué revue, the
19. Never ask for "un verre d'eau" unless you really and truly want a
20. Never call a cop, call a
21. Black coffee, hot milk and two rolls are all you'll get when you order in your hotel.
22. The Palais du Trocadéro is not a dance hall, it's an building.
23. If you don't like keep the boy-friend from ordering Pontet-Canet.
24. For your morning canter, try the bridle paths of the
25. Your "arty" feelings will be satisfied in the Quarter on the Left Bank.
26. One thing that never goes crazy is the river, it's always
27. "The Thinker" by Rodin should inspire you to concentrate. He's at it all the time outside the
28. You'll find the statue of the waiting to welcome you in the Louvre with everything but outstretched arms.
29. The Champs-Élysées is a beautiful

Answers

(1) About 1000, (2) City Hall, (3) gigolo, (4) Louvre, (5) Paris edition, N. Y. Herald Tribune, (6) Citroëns, (7) Notre-Dame, (8) market place, (9) Sorbonne, (10) Flea, (11) Montmartre, (12) apéritif, (13) department store, (14) money, (15) Métro, (16) cinémas, (17) de Triomphe, (18) Folies Bergère, (19) glass of water, (20) gendarme, (21) breakfast (*petit déjeuner*), (22) exhibition, (23) Claret, (24) Bois de Boulogne, (25) Latin, (26) Seine, (27) Panthéon, (28) Vénus de Milo (29) avenue.

+
NEXT MONTH'S
GAME DEPARTMENT
WILL ANNOUNCE A
NEW PRIZE CONTEST
AND
NAME THE WINNER
IN THE PANAMA PACIFIC
CRUISE CONTEST
+



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SPORTS PARADE

BY PAUL GALLICO



Terrible Shock

SHORTLY after Max Baer, heavyweight prize-fighter, went into training at Asbury Park, N. J., afternoon and morning papers carried headlines: "Max Baer Shot," and "Heavyweight Champion Shot In Chest With Pistol." Circulation jumped terrifically as hundreds of thousands of grateful citizens all over the country purchased copies and thumbed the pages with pleased smiles on their faces, eager to be the first to assimilate the good news. It then developed that the pistol, used in the rehearsal of a radio script, had contained nothing but blank cartridges. Things like that continue to make hosts of new enemies to radio.

Cheese It!

Here Comes Helen

THE tennis gals have been having a pretty fat time of it with Madame Moody out for two years, nursing an injury to her sacroiliac and her feelings. Last month, Helen very suddenly packed up her tennis bats, a couple of evening dresses and her green eyeshade and made Mr. Moody a tennis widower again, Wimbledon bound. Just as Pa Moody was getting used to having the Missus around the house, the world's greatest lady tennis player departed on what looked very much like a still hunt for her lady friend and fellow Californian, Miss Helen Jacobs. By the time this issue of this refined and elegant little pamphlet reaches the newsstands, La Moody either will or will not have accomplished her secret but most cherished desire, which was to get that Jacobs girl back onto a tennis court and whop her. Whop her good. Two years was a long time to carry the memory of the day at Forest Hills when, trailing by one set and losing the second, she defaulted to Miss Jacobs for the national championship because her back hurt her. What hurt still more was the expression of deep sympathy on "Jake's" face and the unkind remarks in the press. The boys who write pieces for the paper hadn't forgotten the day that Suzanne Lenglen, in the process of taking a licking from Molla

Mallory at Forest Hills, suddenly developed a cough, defaulted and retired to her room to suck a lozenge. It looked as though Helen Wills Moody, too, couldn't take it. But when all was said and done the little lady DID have the courage to take a pretty stiff panning without a word. She DID go into a hospital to have her spine treated. And she DID chase all the way to England to play a little pat ball with her old girl friend, Miss J., for fear that if she waited for the Nationals at Forest Hills this late summer, Miss Jacobs might have turned professional. I'm just a guy who admires a gal like that.

Seeing Nellie Home

THE high spot of this year's Kentucky Derby and Preakness was the strange persistence of the idea that a certain she-goat by the name of Nellie Flag was a racehorse. This animal, a filly (turftalk for young lady horse), which was owned by Warren Wright and manufactured through the tender collaboration of American Flag and Nellie Morse, somehow managed to get herself almost into the position of favorite for the big horserace at Louisville.

The only reason I can ascribe for this queer hallucination was that being the only lady in the field a number of the experts succumbed to that typical American gallantry which regards a female as something sacred instead of a pain in the neck. Well, as you know, Miss Flag finished fourth, just in front of some horse named Plat Eye, or Cock Eye, or something like that. The colt named Omaha, one of Gallant Fox's kids, was all the racehorse there was in THAT field.

A week later the Preakness was held in Baltimore, with Omaha and Nellie Flag entered, and darned if a lot of the boys didn't try to see Nell home again. They complained that in the Derby the little girl had been jostled somewhat by the rougher male element. Well, in the Preakness she got a nice free ride with nobody getting fresh on the turns, and finished something like thirteenth in an eight-horse race. It just goes to show.

The last filly to win the Derby, many years ago, was a horse named Regret, owned by old man Whitney. And somehow I get some kind of a mild kick out of the story that Whitney never

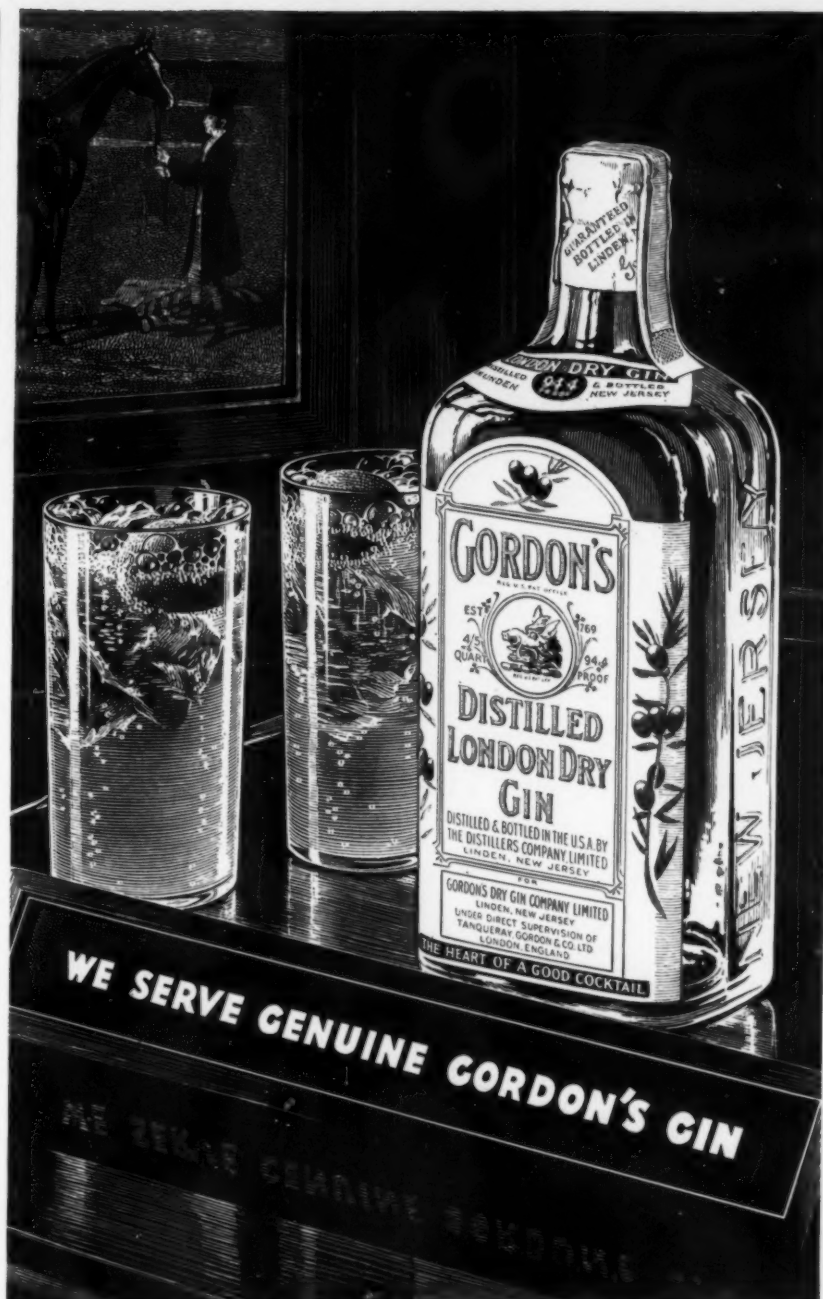
saw the horse run; he was back in his private car drinking champagne with the rest of the millionaires. But his boy Sonny, who was nine or ten years old at the time, sneaked away from the car. He didn't have any money, so he trudged a mile down to the track, skinned over a fence and crowded to the infield rail among the stableboys, poor whites and indigent Africans, saw his rich pappy's filly win and then trudged back again. That kid is the same C. V. Whitney who ran Today in the Derby this year. Today had a bad foot, but so much money was bet on him in the winter books and in advance of the Derby that Sonny decided to give the boys a run for their money anyway instead of scratching the guy.

Master — Servant

BACK in the days when he was just a punk, Lou Ambers served as sparring partner for Tony Canzoneri, then lightweight champion. Tony lost his championship to Barney Ross. Ambers began to win fights. Ross resigned the title to become a welterweight and fight Jimmy McLarnin. The New York boxing commission designated Ambers and Canzoneri to fight fifteen rounds for the vacated lightweight championship.

Ambers was a three to one favorite. He was young, strong, clever, fast and on the way up. Canzoneri, ring-old at twenty-seven, on the way out, conceded to be washed up, faced among other handicaps the tradition that no defeated lightweight champion had ever regained his title. The prizefight was decided on none of these bases but on the curious psychological relationship between master and servant. There is a saying, "Once a sparring partner, always a sparring partner." When the test came, all Ambers could remember was that he was facing the man who had once been champion, once been his master and whom he had served as a punching bag. While he was still fresh and strong, in the third round, Canzoneri knocked Ambers down twice with right-hand punches. And from then on he bluffed him, kidded him, fooled him, made him come to him and fight HIS way, which was to stand flat-footed in the center of the ring, saving his burned out legs and making Ambers run into his left hand. At the end of the fifteen rounds he won the unanimous decision of judges and referee and the lightweight title. Ambers had permitted himself to become a spar-boy again.

(Other sport notes on page 38)



THE SIGN OF A GOOD BAR

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CONTENTS NOTED

BY KYLE CRICHTON



Mid-Term Report

BEST BOOK, Non-Fiction: *Personal History*, by Vincent Sheenan.

Best Novel: *Of Time and the River*, by Thomas Wolfe.

Worst Book, Any Kind: *Capitalism Carries On*, by Walter B. Pitkin.

Worst Novel: *Forget If You Can*, by John Erskine.

Deaf and Blind Award, 1935: Pulitzer Prize Play Committee.

Dumbest Book Reviewing: James C. Grey in the *New York Sun*.

Best Article: *Why They Are So Dumb*, by Robert Briffault in *Pacific Weekly*.

Most Shocked Audience: Boston's blue bloods at the first night of *Parade*, the Theatre Guild revue.

Worst Article: *The Treason of the Intellectuals*, by Gilbert Seldes in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Finest Book: *Fatherland*, by Karl Billinger.

AT the time of year when the buds burst and the Third Avenue cars take off the sides, I think of old age and the late Dr. William Osler. It was Dr. Osler, you will recall,

who intimated that man might well cease bothering the office force at the age of forty and should be happy to be chloroformed at sixty. With his eye open to the main chance, Dr. Walter B. Pitkin made a nice piece of change by making spavined old gentlemen with varicose veins and queer ticks in the heart believe that Life Began at 40, but he was not fooling me and he was not refuting Osler. Not only was Osler right but he was a genius. Furthermore, he was a pioneer. He pronounced his judgments years before the establishment of the Pulitzer Prize Committee. Anybody would be safe in making the statement now.

Nobody has ever had the viciousness to make a statistical report upon the judges of the various Pulitzer Prize committees but a casual glance at the names is enough to reveal that most of them have been intellectually dead since the turn of the century. I have no campaign outlined against age and I will never go to the extremes of the Scripps-Howard organization which once went through a frenzy for juvenility resulting in a series of managing editors who were only prevailed upon to change to long trousers because of the fear of being taken for golfers instead of executive geniuses, but I do feel it unfair of the Pulitzer advisory council to bring these antique gentle-



"What would you recommend for an old gentleman who isn't interested in anything?"



Perroquet Suite—Waldorf Astoria

Liquor—Park & Tilford

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in New York City in which to
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and Liquors*



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NEW YORK CITY

Are You Serving Your Cocktails in the Nude?

NO, no! We mean, are you letting those moist-stemmed Martinis and Manhattans come in from the pantry without **Drydees**?

You know the nasty little habit cocktail glasses have—dripping when and where least expected. And you know what vermouth and liquor stains do to a dinner gown or a shirt front.

Drydees are neat paper skirts that fit over the bottoms of your glasses. Ten dozen with your initial, for one dollar. Use the coupon; we'll send them in a hurry.

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Gentlemen: I am enclosing \$.... for
.... dozen **Drydees** imprinted with
the initial.....

Name

Address

.....

L-7



men in from pasture once every year to render cultural judgments which might better have ceased with Matthew Arnold.

Dealing with the matter practically, it is not so startling that a committee made up of William Lyon Phelps, John Erskine and Stark Young would select *The Old Maid* as the best play of the year; what we should be thankful for is that they didn't pick *Bought and Paid For* or *The Trial of Mary Dugan*. It is equally futile to remonstrate with a poetry committee consisting of Governor Cross of the great state of Connecticut, Professor Bliss Perry of Harvard and William Brian Hooker. It is enough to know that the gentlemen are alive and in good health and have not selected *Thanatopsis*. If it were not that occasionally a good selection is made by error—such as the novel award this year to Josephine Johnson for *Now in November*—I should favor a constitutional amendment making Dr. Osler's suggestion a national law.

Summer Madness

NOT only does spring make me think of old age but by June I am generally so softened by the twittering of the birds and the first apple blossoms and double-headers that I long for a new novel by Temple Bailey or Alice Grant Rosman. If that is not possible, I am willing to accept any English novel, with a certainty that it will be so far removed from life that it might equally well have been written by a member of the Union League Club. There still lingers among American intellectuals who have had no experience with British censors the feeling that England is the home of freedom. Quite contrarily, it is the country where Lords and Ladies sit poised with a blue pencil at the advent of each new book, reading it intently with the hope either that they will find their own name or can identify a character which might conceivably be themselves. With that established, they charge ponderously forth in the direction of their solicitor's office with demands that suit be instituted immediately. I am not speaking in parables. Practically every serious American book is changed by English editors before publication. The English firm of Heinemann was fined \$1,000 for the publication of Wallace Smith's *Bessie Cotter*, a book which was ignored in this country. *The Green Pastures*, one of the finest plays of our time, is not permitted in holy London, which considers it blasphemous. In short, England is at the mercy of its libel laws and the newer

edict which considers practically every book an incitement to rebellion among His Majesty's troops. I very much doubt that Humphrey Cobb's *Paths of Glory* (Viking), the most terrific and damning of all war novels, can be published in Great Britain. It tells of soldiers being shot down by firing squads, not as mutineers but selected by lot as examples after a company had failed to win an objective in battle and thus embarrassed an ambitious general. What we get from England are pleasant books such as *National Velvet* by Enid Bagnold (Morrow). I have no objection to such novels, even when I feel Mr. H. G. Wells is exceeding himself in stupidity in saying that Enid Bagnold is one of the few contemporary prose writers who will be read two thousand years from now. Since in 1934 Mr. Wells was writing that Mr. Roosevelt and the New Deal were a New World complete with incense and myrrh and in 1935 that the New Deal was a failure, I may be excused for considering that Mr. Wells is not a Major Prophet. *National Velvet* is all about the cuckoo young Brown girls and their hoeses (See the Sanger Circus of *The Constant Nymph* and English novels of a like gayety from now until the Last Trumpet) and the American critics have been overcome. I can only say that if I don't think it a masterpiece, it at least is a perfect English book. No one could possibly object to it, and it is hardly likely that any horse named Miss Ada will come forth and claim that her reputation has been damaged. I say it is hardly likely but I shall not be surprised if it happens. All I have to go by is the fear of English publishers that if a novelist refers to a Mr. John Smith, who is a bore, there will spring from divers points in Sussex and Wales various John Smiths to testify that they are John Smith the bore and will His Lordship the Justice please see that they get the usual damages? His Lordship will so see. *National Velvet* is the Book-of-the-Month choice for May and I can say in extenuation that its June choice was *Paths of Glory*.

(For other notes, see "Stop & Go" Service on page 38)



Hot Summer Suns sap the health of your HAIR



Protect your HAIR with Vitalis and the 60-Second Workout!

TENNIS! GOLF! SWIMMING! Summer life outdoors brings health to you, but it takes its toll of your hair!

The burning rays that bake court and fairway beat down on your scalp—dry out its nourishing oils, leave your hair bleached, brittle and lifeless. Your plunge or shower completes the damage, washing away the last trace of the natural oils.

Your scalp and your hair need special care in summer—Vitalis and the famous 60-Second Workout.

For massage and Vitalis' pure vegetable oils stimulate circulation, replenish the natural oils so necessary to hair health. Loose dandruff is defeated. Your hair remains lustrous, easily managed but with no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Get the Vitalis habit today. You'll keep your hair healthy and handsome. Your druggist has Vitalis.



50 SECONDS to rub — natural oils are restored, circulation quickens, your hair takes on new life — has a chance.

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ASK YOUR BARBER— He's an expert on scalp and hair. When he says Vitalis—take his advice.

VITALIS

KEEPS HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME



"STOP & GO"

(Continued from page 2)

Werewolf of London.* Henry Hull does a capable Lon Chaney in a creepy Jekyll-Hyde story about a man who howls like a wolf and gets hair on his hands and long teeth and murderous impulses in the light of the moon.

SPORTS

Paul Gallico

Prize Fight. June 25, Yankee Stadium, New York. Joe Louis, colored heavyweight sensation, vs. Primo Carnera, giant ex-heavyweight champion of the world, fifteen rounds. A big rough white guy and a big rough colored guy having it out. Louis will be fighting for recognition, but Carnera will be fighting for his life. The roughest, toughest brawl on the summer schedule with possibly a little race rioting thrown in for good measure.

Crew. June 25, New London, Conn. Yale vs. Harvard, eight-oared shells, four miles. If you're planning to go to the fight at night, the thing to do is fly over this and then beat it back to Roosevelt Field as soon as the shells cross the finish line. Anyway, it's a two-horse race at best and too social for words.

Tennis. June 24, Evanston, Ill. National Intercollegiate Championships. Sub-deb stuff, but pleasant enough sitting on the clubhouse porch sipping sloe-gin rickeys while those handsome college men take their exercise. And sometimes you get a peek at a coming national champion.

Amateur Boxing. July 2, Yankee Stadium, New York. Great Britain's amateur boxing champions vs. the New York Golden Gloves team. What a sucker I'd be to put the red light up for that one; I'm running the show myself. But if you don't get a kick out of the lights, the crowd, the Pipers and the excitement of watching the fighters from the sidewalks of New York slamming the young men from Merry England in the tummy, you can ask me for your money back. I said you could ask.

Ponies. July 5, Empire City, Yonkers, New York. Metropolitan racing shifts to the track owned by Mr. Butler, the grocer man. Now you take me, I'm a mutuel man. The local bookmaking racket is too tough. Only a woman, veteran of ten years of Macy's bargain counter rushing, can fight her way through the mob to get a bet down with some big-hearted bookie who will give you five to one on any three-legged cab horse in a twenty-horse race.

Ponies. June 29, Detroit Racing Association, Detroit. The Detroit Chal-

lenge Cup, \$25,000 added. A hot horse race, good horses, mutuel betting and fun in a red hot sporting town.

Baseball. July 8. All Star Game, Municipal Stadium, Cleveland. The answer to every baseball argument. A game between the stars of the National League and the American League, selected by the vote of the fanatics. Close to a million dollars' worth of baseball talent in one game. More fun than the World Series. Last year, Hubbell struck out Ruth, Gehrig and Foxx in a row.

Golf. June 24 to June 29, Intercollegiate Golf Championship, at the Congressional Country Club, Rockview, Md. Not something you must see, but some of those kids play pretty good golf, and they all have the cutest haircuts, these days.

BOOKS

Kyle Crichton

Dawn Over Samarkand, by Joshua Kunitz (*Covici-Friede*). Great stuff about how Central Asia has been changed. Don't miss it. More romance than all the fake oriental tales you ever read.

I Change Worlds, by Anna Louise Strong (*Holt*). From being the staid daughter of American respectability, Miss Strong went through the war, the Chinese Revolution of 1927 and ended as editor of a Moscow paper. Compulsory reading for those who think Mrs. Culbertson is femininity at its highest.

Paths of Glory, by Humphrey Cobb (*Viking*). Most terrific and damning of all war books. An ambitious general shoots a few privates, chosen by lot, just to alibi himself for a defeat.

Road to War, by Walter Millis (*Houghton Mifflin*). Anybody who thinks America can keep out of the next one should read how we were dragged into the last World War. The only sour note is Millis's desire to prove that far from being responsible for the last war, everybody in the world was guilty but the Germans.

The Man Who Had Everything, by Louis Bromfield (*Harper's*). Bromfield should sit down and begin thinking about himself. This story of a man who was a successful playwright and had it All Turn to Ashes in His Mouth is nonsense.

What So Proudly We Hailed, by Emile Gauvreau (*Macaulay*). In which the editor of the N. Y. *Daily Mirror* amazingly contrasts Russia and America.

Young Renny, by Mazo de la Roche (*Little, Brown*). Conan Doyle once resurrected Sherlock Holmes after killing him off and the Jalna Saga jumps back 20 years for the same reason: The thing is too profitable to

end. Grandmother Adeline is now 80 years old.

Murder and Mystery

General Besserley's Puzzle Box, by E. P. Oppenheim (*Little, Brown*). **The Saint Goes On,** by Leslie Charteris (*Crime Club*). **The Red Widow Murders,** by Carter Dickson (*Morrow*). **The House on the Roof,** by Mignon G. Everhart (*Doubleday Doran*).

Death is a Tory, by Keats Patrick (*Bobbs Merrill*). **The Green Shadow,** by James Edward Grant (*Hartney Press*). **Who Rides on a Tiger,** by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes (*Longmans Green*).

RECORDS

Along Tobacco Road. No Jeeter Lesters, but an unusual singing group called the Charioteers. They also do **Little David Play on Your Harp.** (*Decca*)

Driftin' Tide. Ray Noble's British pressings continue to be released, to the detriment of his more recent ones made on these shores. This one is a smoothie. (*Victor*)

Hulas of the Islands. Heaven help me if I'm not sort of recommending a Hawaiian number. But Andy Iona and his Islanders really stomp it on this unusual tune. (*Columbia*)

I Was Taken by Storm. I'm going right on turning handsprings over Helen Morgan until death do us part. Helen, you are wonderful. (*Brunswick*)

Runanae Papa. Swell rumba by Zutty (says so on the record) and his Orchestra. (*Decca*)

The Dixieland Band. Best of the numerous new releases by Benny Goodman, ace of them all, and his orchestra, newly acquired by *Victor*. Helen Ward really sings it. Benny has also made a bang-up foxtrot version of Irving Berlin's old **Always**, as well as the new and popular **Restless**.

The Letter Edged in Black, by Frank Crumit. There must be some people who will buy this or they wouldn't put it out. A worse combine I couldn't cook up. Ah well, we don't know how the other half buys, I guess. (*Decca*)

The Stuff is Here and It's Mellow. Cleo Brown makes her bow and she takes the hot music prize hands down for her sex. Piano and vocal like nothing you ever did hear. She also does **I'll Take the South.** I'll take Cleo. (*Decca*)

—J. A. T.

"GO" PLACES

(*Better Dress)

Ambassador. No dancing, but excellent food served with Jenö Bartal's orchestra in the cool Renaissance Room. *Park Ave.* at 51st.

Billy The Oysterman's. You can't go in a

horse car, but the place isn't much changed since those days. Portions cooked and carved to suit the male appetite. 7 East 20th.

Cocoanut Grove (Park Central). Floor show and dancing to Henry Halstead's band. Seventh Ave. at 56th.

Claremont Inn. With the Hudson River below and an open sky above it's hard to beat the Sunken Garden Terrace and two orchestras, Freddie Starr's and Joseph Szigeti's. Riverside Drive at 124th.

Elsie's. For food and the only Hawaiian band in town. The Three Leis. 41 East 49th.

El Morocco. Your choice of Ernie Holst's orchestra or Rodrigo's rumba band.* 154 East 54th.

House of Lords. Walter Lynch's piano playing and Michael Zarin's orchestra make this worthwhile.* 12 East 54th.

Jack and Charlie's. No music, no dancing, but the food! 21 West 52nd.

Park Lane. It's pleasant dining and dancing in the summer gardens.* Park Ave. at 48th.

Plaza. Somehow we never get tired of Emil Coleman's band.* Fifth Ave. at 58th.

Place Piquale. Late, gay, crowded, with Joseph Zatur's new orchestra and entertainers.* 201 West 52nd.

Rainbow Room. Headliner Ray Noble and his orchestra is the latest attraction at this, the town's loftiest hot spot. There are elevators.* Rockefeller Center.

Savoy-Plaza. Bob Grant's band and Deslys and Clark singing. You'll like the Cafe Lounge.* Fifth Ave. at 58th.

St. Moritz. Eric Correa's orchestra in the Roof Gardens. 50 Central Pk. S.

St. Regis. You'll enjoy Marjory Logan's songs, Johnny Green's orchestra and Mario and Floria's dancing in the Tropical Roof Garden.* Fifth Ave. at 55th.

The Famous Door. A terrific band, but no dancing. Get Louis Prima and Martha Ray to do *Solitude*. 35 W. 52nd.

Tony's. Hangout for the island's front-pagers. Usually late at night. Drink and eat. 59 West 52nd.

Town Casino Club. Peggy Strickland with Allan Cole's music.* 9 West 52nd.

Versailles. Still smart and crowded and deservedly so. Go late. Stay late. The band can be counted on.* 151 E. 50th.

Waldorf-Astoria. The popular Starlight Roof Garden is open again, with Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians.* Park Ave. at 49th.

And now, fellow Bartenders, I am going to give you the secret of a smooth dry martini cocktail. Just use

CINZANO

pronounced Chin-zano

FRENCH VERMOUTH



But I thought CINZANO only made sweet Italian Vermouth...

Oh, no, CINZANO also makes dry Vermouth in France. It's famous over there, but you haven't been able to get it in America until just recently.



CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y., SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

VIVA EL BULLDOZER!



HE never used his sword. He didn't have to. But he did produce his stewy old briar, loaded it with El Terrifico tobacco—and blew some the bull's way. Curtain.

Even a bull can't stand the charge of a dirty pipe. But even a baby enjoys the fragrance of a mild tobacco like Sir Walter Raleigh smoked in a respectably clean briar. It's an unusual mixture of gentle Kentucky Burleys—well-aged, slow-burning, easy on the tongue. It's a kind tobacco; your kind. Try a tin and see why Sir Walter has become a national favorite. (Kept fresh in heavy gold foil.)

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. O-57



It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

QUEERESPONDENCE

THE chain letter craze has expired and left thousands of postmen holding the bag but this department is still in high dudgeon* over the number of chain letters linked together and tossed into a stack of legitimate communications from other, and more or less sincere, Queerrespondents. It was the work of but three or four days to sort out these Denver-fostered mail cloggers and feed them to our Little Daisy Paper Converter from which we later extracted one gross of paper doilies imprinted here and there with the words FAITH, HOPE and CHARITY. The FAITH and HOPE doilies were taken out and sold to a tea shoppe which will use them to stick to the bottoms of iced tea glasses, but CHARITY will begin at home.

Mr. James Smock of Indianapolis, Ind., wants to know if all our chain letters were identical, and the answer is no. There was at least one that omitted the FAITH, HOPE and CHARITY line—undoubtedly the work of some chiseler trying to get something for nothing.

Replying to a question received from fourteen different States regarding the probability of any chain letter fiend receiving any return for his investment, records show that the vast majority got nothing except chain letters. A man named Tim Buckley of Brooklyn got such a ribbing from his office associates for continuing a dollar chain and receiving no return that finally, in desperation, he mailed ten one-dollar bills in ten envelopes addressed to himself, but his friends caught on to the plan, got to the office first the next morning and the victim got only three dollars back.

Mr. Hoke Wynn of Jacksonville, Fla., writes in to ask if any one in the country remained totally immune from the scourge. First returns from our field workers indicated that an old prospector working a mine in Nevada did not receive a chain letter of any description but a later dispatch informed us that the prospector had previously written to a hardware store complaining about some faulty chain he had purchased and had received a reply, thus including him in the general category under discussion.

*Nobody seems to know what a dudgeon is but most people agree that it's a place to keep people with head colds.

In conclusion, a fie of the first magnitude to everybody who airmailed, telegraphed and telephoned us variations of "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Letter Gang." (It must be admitted however, that we did get an idea from it. Next month, when all is forgotten, we're going to gang up on the chain letter fugitives and make some real money.)

WITH that subject off my so-called mind, the question of summer vacation is rearing its beautiful head, and Mr. Herman J. Stier of Des Moines, Ia., is puzzled by a query. "Presumably," he writes, "people take vacations to get rested, but have you ever heard of any one who was not a physical wreck after a two weeks' 'holiday'?"

My first impulse, Mr. Stier, was to say no but on second thought, abetted by an insurance investigator's report that just blew in the window from an insurance office on the floor above, the answer must be yes. According to this paper, a New Yorker named Dave Thompson spent two weeks in Maine last month and returned to work refreshed, in good health and feeling dandy, if slightly enraged.

What happened was, he jumped off a dock into a motorboat in Casco Bay* the day he arrived and broke a leg. This kept him in bed for the entire two weeks and he came back fit as a fiddle (or slightly bow-legged). "I was staying at a violin up there," he wrote before anyone could stop him, "and have good rosin to complain." The company that insured him just sent a pretty girl down to retrieve the accident report and we shall therefore turn our attention to other matters. . . .

UH—about a query from Dr. Frank R. Petracek of Berwyn, Ill., who asks if any mechanical item can be advertised successfully without using such terms as "Magic Brain," "Electric Hand," "Wizard's Eye," etc. Apparently not, Doctor. Any gadget that requires attention while operating is passé these days; people have been taught to expect labor-saving performance from machines, and the

*It was a toss-up first whether he would go to Mattawamkeag, Sysladobsis, Mooselookmeguntic or Chemquasabamticook but he finally chose Casco Bay so he could tell friends where he had been.

owners of old-fashioned radios, phonographs, heating plants, cars and refrigerators who have to tune in their own programs, change their own records, shovel coal, shift gears or remove ice cubes with a screw-driver are almost ashamed to admit it.

On the theory, however, that the average person will be even more ashamed when he comes to realize that his gadgets have more sense than he has, an obscure inventor by the name of P. C. Brooks of Washington, D. C., has just taken out basic patents on a number of devices that will eventually replace our Phi Beta Kappa machinery.

One idea is a radio equipped with what Mr. Brooks calls an "Imbecilic Brain" which unerringly and automatically selects nothing but comedians, sopranos, commercial announcements and weather reports, bringing them in much too loud and slightly off tune. The owner of this extremely expedient device must of necessity drag himself out of his chair every 45 seconds and make adjustments with his own hands. Another invention is "The Clumsy Hand Gear Selector" which may be attached to any car having an automatic gear shift. This gadget throws the car out of high gear once a minute, clashes the gears horribly at frequent intervals

and unexpectedly shifts from second to reverse, thus preventing drivers from relaxing into a complete coma.

Other devices are "The Cataract Electric Eye" which slams elevator and restaurant doors in the faces of persons about to go through, and "The Lame-brain Ice Maker," a boxlike arrangement with a small hole in the top into which water is poured and from which ice cannot be removed without unscrewing the whole side of the refrigerator.

"Our grandfathers had to break the ice in the water bucket to mix a highball," Mr. Brooks says, "and what was good enough for them was good enough for them. My idea is to make things even harder for us than it was for our ancestors and keep us from developing into a bunch of softies. Once manufacturers learn of my inventions they will undoubtedly buy them in no time."

"No time" may be interpreted as "never" which is all right with us.

Questions should be addressed to Queerespondence, care of LIFE. Five-dollar checks for those used will be promptly mailed.

—G. W.



"Miss Penryn, your eyes sparkle like anthracite."

WATCH YOUR STEP!



THE TARANTULA LOOKS DANGEROUS

ATHLETE'S FOOT DOESN'T

YOU don't have to know anything about this fearsome, hairy monster to avoid him. Only 155 people in the entire nation are fatally bitten by venomous reptiles and insects in a year, but—over *ten million* become infected with Athlete's Foot!

It lurks on locker room floors, along the edges of swimming pools, in your own bathroom! No state or locality is exempt.

At first you notice redness and itching between your toes. White blisters may appear; excessive moisture, cracking, peeling—any of these signs may mean Athlete's Foot has got you!

Don't take a chance and let it go! Serious disorders may follow.

Absorbine Jr. Kills It Quickly

But—tests by a famed laboratory prove that within *thirty seconds* after Absorbine Jr. has penetrated to the pest, it is killed and no longer *harmful*.

The minute the first symptom appears splash on Absorbine Jr. Even your socks must be boiled fifteen minutes to prevent re-infection. Always keep Absorbine Jr. in your medicine cabinet and in your club locker. Use it after every shower to protect you from infection and to refresh and rest your feet.

Don't be a victim of the switch racket. Good dealers will give you genuine Absorbine Jr. when you ask for it. Refuse substitutes. It's thrifty to use Absorbine Jr. because it takes so little to bring relief. For free sample, write to W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

ABSORBINE JR.

At all druggists, \$1.25 a bottle

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains, sleeplessness and SUNBURN

It's time for Pabst-



WHEN the ball develops a yearning to nestle in traps—and the sun blazes down on the hot sand—don't figure everything's wrong. Just refresh yourself with cheerful Pabst Blue Ribbon—and you will find the fairways again.

Safe hot weather relief—that's Pabst. Whether it's golf, baseball, tennis, swimming or business, a cool, refreshing drink of Pabst will do wonders for you. Just settle back and enjoy a bottle—that's the way to relax and cool off.

The makers of Pabst have spent more than ninety years to make it "just right"—pure, wholesome, healthful—with a flavor all its own. You'll like beer and ale plenty—when you pour it out of a Pabst Blue Ribbon bottle.

Pabst
Blue Ribbon
Beer and Ale



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THE MOVIES

(Continued from page 23)

vincing in this as he was unconvincing in *Private Worlds*. John Beal and Jean Hersholt are fine, and the sound recording is marvelous. It is one of the best no-good pictures I have ever seen.

*The Devil Is a Woman**

MARLENE Dietrich, in *The Devil Is a Woman*, is again used as camera fodder. And while there is no question that Miss Dietrich can strike more pretty poses than any other movie queen, sometimes as many as 60 a minute, this, in itself, gets monotonous after an hour or so. As Dietrich oscillates on her pivot and swings her orbs around like two great world's fair searchlights, comes the question: Can she act? I doubt it, after enduring this *Devil* picture, although I think this inane film would floor even Katharine Cornell. It is one of those ridiculous, banal pictures on which Mr. Von Sternberg dotes, in which Dietrich is built up "as the most dangerous woman you have ever met," and turns out, as far as I can see, to be just a big tease, through whom any male over nine years old ought to be able to see like a tunnel.

The Pretty Lights

I WENT back to see *Ruggles of Red Gap* again, to see whether the rest of the world or I was wrong about it, and I stick by me. I still rate it red. I rub it in that *Ruggles* was a medicine show. I saw it in Bloomfield, Indiana, thirty years ago, and I have seen it 100 times since, under various names.

I might have rated it yellow if everybody else around me hadn't been singing its praises. When all the world around you is saying green, and your still small voice says red, give the damn thing red, my boy, and you're a man, says Kipling. And even if they had hired Walter Hampden to take the pratt falls allotted to Charles Laughton, I would still call it red.

Of course, *Ruggles of Red Gap* may have been something I ate.

G-Men

YOU won't need the back of your seat at *G-Men*. Unless you are a much more phlegmatic soul than this guinea pig, you will be sitting upright throughout, while Jimmy Cagney disposes of a gang of safe-crackers resembling the Dillinger

troupe. Jimmy joins the Department of Justice and is just as good as a sleuth as he used to be as a crook.

(Other notes on pages 2 and 38)

THE THEATRE

(Continued from page 21)

naturally and innocently making it seem twice as smutty as when it emanates from white actors. The line may be the same in every particular, but what the black boys and girls do to it with their eyes, gleaming teeth and physical deportment is nobody's business, save perhaps Mae West's. Take some such relatively innocuous line, for example, as "Baby, you're what I've been looking for"—which surely is nothing to make even John S. Sumner flagellate himself with—and a colored actor, what with the way he looks at Baby while he is saying it, can make it sound like a dozen patrol wagons. (But don't think, please, that I am complaining; I'm simply reporting.)

Sailor, Beware!, as a consequence, became in Harlem, despite some very bad acting otherwise and some worse stage direction, a fetching critical curiosity. The colored first night audience, it is further to be recorded, was not only much better looking than its average Broadway first night counterpart but, in addition, behaved with a superior intelligence and decorum, and even smelled better.

(Shorter mention on page 2)

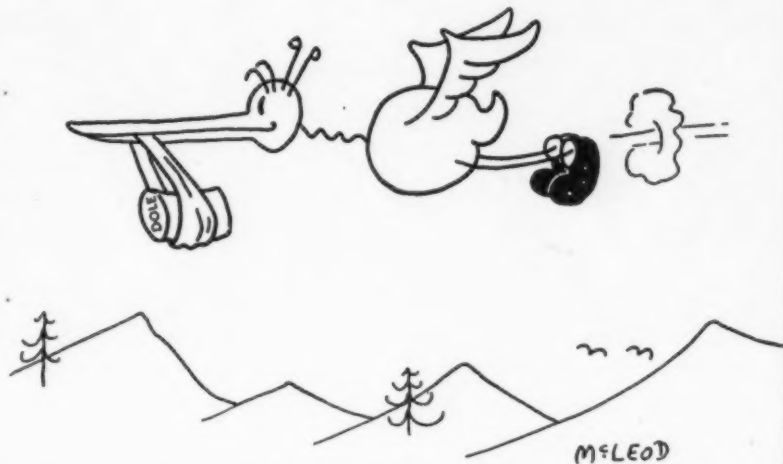
It is claimed some old folks remember when "The Public Works" was a declarative sentence.

Among unsolved mysteries is what commencement speakers do the rest of the year.

With \$4,800,000,000 to spend, President Roosevelt will be the manna of the year again in 1935.



IT'S A BLESSED EVENT ~~~~~ WHEN YOU DISCOVER THE REAL ECONOMY OF PURE UNSWEETENED DOLE HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE JUICE



NEXT MONTH:



Edward Hopper, distinguished artist, will be represented in "The American Scene" by one of his latest paintings, "Room in New York."

LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York
Gentlemen: Please enter my subscription for twelve months
at [enclosed herewith] \$1.50. (Canadian and Foreign \$2.10.)
[kindly bill me]

Name _____

Address _____

L-7

HAVE YOU SENT YOUR CONTRIBUTION TO LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND?

(SEE PAGE 45)

ANCHOR



Anchor Dry, product of the world-famed house of de Kuyper, has a delicacy of bouquet and a perfect balance of flavor which has made it fa-

mous everywhere in the world where fine gin is appreciated. Moderate in price, because now made in America—duty free. JOHN DE KUYPER & SON, INC. 120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

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THE **CAVALIER**
HOTEL
VIRGINIA BEACH
VIRGINIA

Sidney Banks, Mng. Dir.

FACULTY MINDS



"SCIENTISTS tell us that the bumble bee hasn't wings large enough to enable him to fly but the damned fool doesn't know it and flies anyway."—Prof. B. D. Mayo, Mathematics Dept., Virginia Military Institute.

"College women are overstuffed intellectually and starved emotionally."—Prof. Carl S. Joslyn, Sociology, Harvard.

"When people speak of healthy-mindedness they talk of a man who doesn't think at all."—Prof. Raphael Demos, Philosophy, Harvard and Radcliffe.

"Student military training will be popular just as long as there are 25% men who are looking for a defect-concealing uniform."—Prof. J. A. Hess, German, Ohio Univ.

"I call this institution a hot bed of Communism because it's a hot bed of Communism."—Provost E. C. Moore, U. C. L. A.

"Cornell has the greatest collection of preserved brains in existence."—Prof. Jenkins, Psychology, Cornell.

"If I were President I'd put a bill through to give everyone a B. A. at birth and get it over with."—Prof. Holliday, English, San Jose State College, Cal.

"The difficulty with being a teacher is the difficulty of living 20 years ahead of one's time."—Prof. B. F. Brown, Economics, N.C. State College, Raleigh.

"A family consists of the father and mother and children, and when there are no children it consists of the father and mother."—Prof. John C. Swenson, Sociology, Brigham Young Univ., Utah.

"An ideal college would be one in which all the students and most of the faculty were fired."—Prof. Copeland, Biology, Bowdoin College, Me.

[Undergraduates are invited to contribute to this department. Two dollars each will be paid for acceptable items. Address Faculty Minds, care of LIFE.]

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND

WITH the first blast of summer heat LIFE's Summer Camps are entering their 49th year of existence with the hope of accommodating a capacity number of underprivileged city children.

For you, when the real hot spell comes, it is a grateful thought that it is cool somewhere, and you'll spend your vacation there. But if you lived where it is hot day and night, where there are many children and not any too much to eat, and no money to spare for any extras—in other words, in a tenement house in New York's great East Side—what would this weather mean then?

There are thousands of children in those stifling houses and still more stifling streets—crowded in, packed in, baked in. They really need a vacation and you can provide one for them, before you go off on your vacation.

Who are these children?

We can't call them by name but we can take you to the files of the Charity Organization Society, the Brooklyn Bureau of Charity, the Jewish Social Service Organization, the Little Italy Neighborhood Association, and the United Catholic Charities and point out who they might be. The family of each one of them will be found to be a registered charity case on the records of one or another of these organizations.

If you could visit the families of these children you would find that their mental and physical reserves to carry on for another year are at a pretty low ebb. Are they worth helping over perhaps the roughest spot they will en-

counter in their whole lives, or can we postpone that help to other years?

Were you to see the tangible results of a two weeks' vacation at LIFE's Camps (one for boys and one for girls), you would know that your money could not be spent for a better purpose. Many of the youngsters have been sent every summer for a number of years by individuals who have taken a particular interest in them, and the metamorphosis of these boys and girls, accomplished under trained guidance, is amazing.

Fifteen dollars will send one boy or girl to camp for two weeks—not merely two weeks of play but of constructive recreation, including woodcraft, swimming, and citizenship. Will you contribute to this worthwhile project—Charity That Really Builds?

+

For Your Information

LIFE'S Summer Camps (one for boys at Pottersville, N. J., and one for girls at Branchville, Conn.) are supported entirely by voluntary contributions. The Fund has been in operation for the past 48 years, in which time it has expended almost \$705,000.00, providing more than 57,000 country vacations for poor city children.

Fifteen dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday. Contributions of any amount are welcome. If you cannot provide for one child, send in what you can afford. Your contribution will be added to by others and some child will be the beneficiary.

Contributions should be made payable to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, and sent to 60 East 42nd St., New York City. They will be acknowledged by mail immediately if the sender's address is given, and also later on in a printed list of contributors.



A pow-wow at the boys' camp.

little ad-ventures

by don herold

A BATH TAKES CARE OF YESTERDAY —NOT TODAY



A bath lasts 30 minutes

I don't mean to knock soap. It's great stuff. But if an odorometer test were possible, I'll bet it would show that a bath prevents perspiration odor only about 30 minutes—no more.

A bath is retroactive—it doesn't reach into the future—it does not look forward.

This may all seem a little blunt, and none of my business, but I guess you can take it. You know I have your best interests at heart.

Several of my men friends who know I'm preaching Mum say, "It may be all right for some guys, but I BATHE every day."

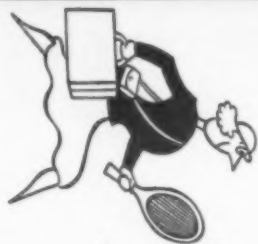
Then I remind them that, as a rule, a bath itself usually starts perspiration. And in 30 minutes they may be guilty of the very thing Mum is famous for preventing: underarm perspiration hintimations. A bath works backwards, but Mum works forward; Mum is an all day deodorant . . . all day in advance. It doesn't stop perspiration, but it stops perspiration publicity.

So, a real gentleman completes his morning toilet by touching himself under each arm with two finger dabs of Mum. Mum is pleasant, fragrant, stainless, inexpensive. A nice habit. To be safe, most men do it again in the evening before a dance or other doings out. And many use it also to keep their feet comfortable, and hose and shoe linings fresh.

You don't have to put up big dough to test Mum. Just write your name and address on the nearby margin, tear off and mail to Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. G-75, 74 West St., New York City, and they will send you a free sample swiftly.



WHEN NATURE FORGETS—REMEMBER EX-LAX, THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



Susie is off for the shore and the breezes,
To do what she likes and to eat what she pleases.
But summer's upsetting and things can go wrong,
So she's taking a package of Ex-Lax along.

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Marvelous exclusive life photos. More pictures than text. No need to be a French scholar to enjoy this thrilling publication where every piquant picture tells a story. A 3 months' trial subscription post paid \$1.00 addressed to PARIS MAGAZINE, 192 rue St. Denis, Paris, France.



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OLD SPANISH
CUSTOM
TAKE YOUR MUG
AND BRUSH
AND BUST 'EM
BURMA-SHAVE

The manufacturers of
Burma-Shave (No brush—
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teen jingles for use on the
Burma-Shave signs next year.
\$100.00 will be paid for each
jingle accepted. All jingles
must be in our hands before
August 1, 1935. Earn some
easy spending money, and
have a lot of fun doing it.

Send today for complete details
of contest and free manual on how
to write Burma-Shave jingles.
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Burma-Shave

THINGS YOU'D NEVER KNOW UNLESS WE TOLD YOU

THE Canadian "mounties" covered
13,500,000 miles chasing criminals
last year, over 13,000,000 miles of
which were *not covered on horseback.*

Sixty per cent of the 1,100 elevators
in Moscow don't work.

In Italy, kissing in public is legal
only at railroad stations.

The American public pays under-
takers, florists and monument makers
\$10,000,000 a week for its funerals.

Admiral Peary froze off nine of his
ten toes in various Arctic explorations.

When a baby reaches the age of
four years its eyes are as big as they'll
ever be.

The golf courses of America cover
500,000 acres of land.

The aborigines of Australia are al-
most the only race among whom the
Nazi swastika emblem has not been
found.

It costs \$8,000 a year for the current
that illuminates the Statue of Liberty.

"John" is the most common Chris-
tian name among American vice-presi-
dents.

The Council of Venice passed a law
banning engineered craft from the Grand
Canal.

More than two dozen species of
orchids grow wild in the regions
around Chicago.

The dog is mentioned in the Bible
18 times—the cat not even once.

It is illegal to depict real United
States money in the movies.

More than \$1,000,000,000 leaves this
country yearly in exchange for foreign
lottery tickets.

—W. E. FARBSTAIN



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for an outside room with
bath, shower and radio
**at the HOTEL
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and just \$3.50 for two persons



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800 outside rooms. Located
in the center of the world's
greatest business-shopping dis-
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Zone.

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York's largest open air roof
of floral terraces—where all
meals are served during sum-
mer season.

• **Upper Sports Deck**—where
guests can take a sun bath in a
bathing suit or enjoy deck
sports. • **Famous Orchestras**
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Deck Chairs.** • **Breakfast from
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Dinner only \$1.25.**

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"The truly American Hotel with
American traditions."

Lexington Avenue at 49th Street
New York City

GRAND CENTRAL ZONE

ARE YOU SURE?

(Questions on pages 27 and 30)

1. Stop rhythmic swaying—
2. Fiend
3. Scooping—
4. Roll up easily—
5. Jasper (it's Canadian)
6. Bend her knee (then duck!)
7. Goodyear
8. A-CLI-mated (but nobody says it)
9. Modern architecture
10. "Delighted—Mrs. Cromwell"
11. Ennoble (that was easy enough)
12. Department of Justice agent (movie fans know that)
13. Yachting (amidst protest flags)
14. Seasickness
15. She was one of the manikins—
16. Trees (not the poem)
17. "It Happened One Night"
18. Nevada (in spite of Reno)
19. Buick
20. Baltimore
21. Paris is larger—(Berlin, 4,288,314; Paris, 2,891,020)
22. Shakespeare (and we're just stooges)
23. Protect them from cold
24. Antonym
25. Pot of gold (owned by a widow, perhaps)
26. Right (didn't you have a cent in your pocket?)
27. Design a dress
28. A cygnet has soft little feathers
29. Brown
30. Figure (hmmm)
31. Guillotine (another easy one)
32. Prestidigitator (unless he didn't know what it meant)
33. Howdah (a punkah is a rectangular ceiling fan of cloth, swung to and fro by a servant. A punk is something else)
34. Wrestling hold
35. Libel (murdering a song ought to be)
36. "Halitosis of the intellect"
37. Names another suit
38. Minnesota is—
39. Upper front of shoe
40. President Roosevelt's trip—
41. Poniard (a small dagger)
42. U. S. Government
43. Gold Medal flour
44. Leis (hula dancers would be better)
45. Water (four days, then pouf!)
46. Vegetarian
47. Palmolive
48. A descendant
49. Congressman
50. QUIN-tup-plets (even the radio announcers have gone sour on this one)

EVERY STORY A FAMOUS STORY



"She" —by H. Rider Haggard

IN the JULY Golden Book Magazine

ADVENTURE: "She," glamorous mystery woman, will haunt you through the pages of H. Rider Haggard's adventure-classic, beginning in the July GOLDEN BOOK. Across twenty centuries she wove her spell: the most dramatic and breath-taking adventure love story ever imagined! Do not miss in GOLDEN BOOK this classic of the immortal "She," now portrayed by Helen Gahagan for the screen!

ROMANCE: Besides "She," the July GOLDEN BOOK brims with the surprises of life, beauty and courage flowering in unlikely places. Romance rides high in S. M. Avery's "Gilded Pheasant," the tale of a lovely woman and her amazing secret. And in "The Necktie" Conrad Aiken raises the curtain on Paris night life, and pulls it just in time.

DISCOVERIES: First publication here of a sparkling and naughty tale by Baroness Hatvany, and another by a new young American story-teller.

HUMOR: The barbed wit of Dorothy Parker; a hilarious burlesque by Newman Levy; and the irrepressible "Saki" who puts a mouse, not ants, in the hero's pants.

Rabelais, Katherine Mansfield, Galsworthy, Anatole France, Mark Twain and many other world-famous authors appear regularly in GOLDEN BOOK Magazine. . . . As a Special Introductory Offer we will send you six big issues of GOLDEN BOOK beginning July for only \$1. . . . Here is your chance to get more than one hundred first choice stories as well as dozens of pungent short features from the best wits and rascals of all time.

6 months for \$1

MAIL the coupon today so you will not miss the July installment of "She." Adventure, romance, love and mystery combine to make "She" one of the greatest stories of all time.

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Play safe when you take a laxative,
Ex-Lax is safe and mild.**

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HM stands for HOTEL . . .
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. . . an unbeatable combination for
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visit this summer.

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Sign of "Athlete's Foot"!

To relieve intense itching of Ringworm or Athlete's Foot and aid healing the red, cracked, or blistered skin between the toes, use Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX. 30¢ and \$1.00 jars at drug, shoe, dept. stores. For free booklet on Foot Care, write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. 289, Chicago.



+ SUCH IS LIFE +

WE came away from Thomas Benton's apartment with the feeling that we had missed an interesting experience or two during our life. For instance, we wish we had been with him down in West Greenville, S. C., when he painted the Holy Roller meeting ("Lord, Heal the Child"—p. 8) and saw a lovesick hillbilly stab his rival at the height of the excitement. And we'd like to have seen that young girl preacher whip the congregation into a frenzy, trying to pray the rickets out of the child on the stool.

Benton was born 46 years ago in Neosho, Mo., son of a U. S. Representative and grand nephew of another—a major handicap to begin with. After a certain amount of team driving and acting as a surveyor's assistant, he went on through the Chicago Art Institute, Paris and New York without anything much more serious happening to him than becoming a liberal.

For about 20 years he has spent every summer batting around the country, poking his nose into odd regions and drawing people whether they liked it or not. He thinks a lot of this southern mountain region, in fact would rather paint the dust, sunflowers and rags of these milltown areas than most anything he can think of. (We asked him about Camel's cherry tree artist, and he only grunted.)

Before hitch hikers started holding up their drivers, he did all of his roaming by rule of thumb. Once he got arrested for sketching a West Virginia mine without the owners' permission; a capitalistic crime. Another time he couldn't get bed or board because he looked too much like a popular bank robber of the district.

Benton is short, dark, and looks as though he enjoys life. He plays the harmonica and holds an open-house concert every Monday night, with a few of his students accompanying him on more harmonicas. Favorites of his, but not his guests, are mournful, dull tunes of some 12th Century composer. To most Americans he is known because of the 250-foot mural of the history of the State of Indiana, which he painted and exhibited in the Indiana Building at the Century of Progress exhibition last year.

Don Herold obeyed a common impulse at a movie the other night and Did Something about a lady behind him who was drowning out most of the dialogue with her gum-chewing.

Don stood it as long as he could, then turned around and snapped his fingers in front of the lady's nose. It worked beautifully, he said; the lady stopped chewing and her lady companion got so hysterical she had to leave the show.

Richard Decker came up to the office recently to make some slight alterations on next month's cover and growled about our art equipment. Next day he sent us a large box containing a nice assortment of pencils, brushes, erasers and other useful items. The Art Editor took them home.

A gentleman phoned and reported gleefully that he found a misprint in the "Are You Sure?" department. The Panama Canal, he said, could *not* run southeast from the Atlantic to the Pacific. After some questioning, however, he confessed that he hadn't looked at a map.

"Some of the People" contributor E. Jerome Ellison is now an editor of the *Reader's Digest*. . . . Gregor Duncan will tenant Rolf Armstrong's Bayside, L. I., studio this summer and help crew the newly acquired editorial sloop *Amourette*. . . . Dorothy McKay is filling her sketch book with cats. . . . Gilbert Bundy is transferring his attention from horses to water in a sailing cover for fall. . . . The advertising department is celebrating the removal of the editorial department to a new suite of offices.

Best college gag of the month was a nursery rhyme parody (from the *Columbia Jester*): "Rich man, poor man, fraternity brother, fraternity brother." Best parody of all time is the burlesque edition of *Esquire* by the *Harvard Lampoon*, which was duly barred from the mails and caused the board of trustees to padlock the *Lampoon* building.

—THE EDITORS

Thomas
Hart
Benton

